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[DEATH OF AUNT LETTICE.]

## LADY ROSLYN'S MYSTERY.

### CHAPTER XV.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,  
While the tide runs in darkness and calmness below,  
So the cheeks may be ting'd with a warm, sunny smile,  
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while:  
One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
Its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,  
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,  
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting.

Moore.

LORD ROSLYN, half beside himself at the fatal discovery he had made of the presence of the nocturnal visitor in the chamber of his bride, had taken but a few steps towards the mansion when he came upon a figure, which was leaning carelessly against a tree, attentively regarding the window of the countess.

This figure was that of the Hon. Vayle Malvern. A half-burned cigar was in his mouth, explaining why he had sought the lawn at that late hour. The earl had scarcely observed him, when he started, recognizing his lordship, and a look of the wildest alarm, which might have been partly feigned, crossed his face.

"Good heavens, Roslyn! You here!" he exclaimed, as if involuntarily.

"Yes, I was taking an evening stroll," replied the earl, agitatedly, yet striving to conceal his emotion from the gaze of his relative.

"Then you have seen nothing?" inquired Malvern.

"You have seen no one—"

He stopped, as if unable to finish the interrogation. Roslyn groaned unconsciously.

"What have you seen, Vayle?" said his lordship.

Malvern shot a quick, scrutinizing glance upon the deathly white face of the earl, and replied:

"You will never forgive me, Roslyn—"

"Speak!" was the impatient command.

"Then, since you will have it, I will tell you all that I have seen. I came out here half an hour or more since to smoke a cigar, for I felt restless and

sleepless. I took a turn down the avenue, and, as I came up, Lady Roslyn's window attracted my attention, it being half open, as at this moment. While I looked, a man crept up from the shrubbery, ascended the tree, and mounted to the balcony. He stopped there a moment, peering into the room, and then went in. He stayed there until now!"

"Why did you not come and inform me?"

"Because I did not know that you were not there, or that Lady Roslyn was alone!"

"The man might have been a robber. I don't doubt but that he was," declared the earl, the idea suddenly suggesting itself to his mind.

"Had he been a robber, Roslyn, some outcry must have been made. He was not a robber!"

Lord Roslyn had moved away, but he now turned abruptly, and came back to his relative.

"Do you understand what you insinuate, Malvern?" he demanded, in a harsh, hollow voice. "How do you dare to think that this intruder was not a robber? Do you think that my wife—a Sayton, too—would admit a gentleman to a midnight interview in her boudoir? Explain yourself, or by heaven—"

"Hold, my lord. Since you force me to explain, I will do so. I think I can prove this man to have been no robber. After you left me in the drawing-room on your bridal night, retiring to your study, I came out upon the lawn to calm myself, after our not very pleasant interview. And I swear to you that I beheld on that evening this same individual emerge from Lady Roslyn's boudoir, and descend in the same manner that you have witnessed this evening!"

There was a tone of sincerity and earnestness in Malvern's voice as he made this revelation—a revelation which had not before escaped his lips, and which he had treasured against a moment when it should overwhelm the young countess with ruin. This sincerity struck to the heart of the bridegroom like an assassin's knife, and he reeled and fell heavily against a tree.

"You are ill, my lord—"

"No, no!" declared the earl, faintly. "I am quite

well. I had a momentary illness, but it was nothing!"

He turned away his head, while Malvern puffed uneasily at his cigar, and finally threw it upon the ground, where it glowed and sparkled until it died out in ashes.

"Vayle," said Lord Roslyn, after a long silence. "I do not consider your words proven—that this man was no robber. Did you see his face?"

"No. I was not near enough?"

"Did you have any suspicion as to his identity?"

"I wish you would not ask me, my lord!" said Malvern, hesitatingly.

"I not only ask, but I demand an answer!"

"Since I must tell you, I must. I thought the man was Harold Bevan!"

"Harold Bevan! In my wife's chamber!" ejaculated the earl, as if appalled. "The idea is preposterous. You must have lost your senses, Malvern. I tell you the man was a robber. I don't doubt but that while he was rummaging her boudoir, Lady Roslyn was locked in her dressing-room attended by her maid. The fellow could not have been detected on his previous visit, or he would not have returned. You should have told me of that visit sooner, Vayle, for he may have stolen something of value."

"I wish I had told you, my lord," said Malvern, with affected humility. "The man was doubtless not Bevan, but a robber, as you suggest."

"Keep the matter secret, my dear fellow, and say nothing more to me about it," remarked the earl, steadying his voice and heart, under the conviction that the mysterious intruder had been merely a thief. "You understand, of course, that it would not be pleasing to me to have the affair made known, until I choose to do it myself."

Malvern assented, and gave the required promise. "I must go in," then declared Lord Roslyn, "and learn if anything has been stolen."

He turned on his heel and made his way into the house, while Malvern looked after him with a strange, subtle gleam in his eyes.

"This 'affair,' as Roslyn terms it, is likely to

tend to my advantage," he muttered, in a tone of satisfaction. "The man was no robber, and I am sure he was Harold Bevan. Who would have thought that her ladyship would have turned out so? A separation will follow, I hope, and Roslyn will hate womankind, and I shall be his successor. Glorious."

While he was thus exulting over his prospective grandeur, the earl hastened to his bride's boudoir, which he entered after a preliminary knocking upon the door.

Lady Roslyn was still seated in the chair in which Count Lechelle had left her, but her attitude was now drooping and desponding, and her face was half-concealed by one jewelled hand.

She did not hear her husband's entrance, and he regarded her for a full minute in perfect silence, doing homage to her perfect loveliness with a heart overflowing with his passionate love for her.

It was no wonder that his look was full of adoration.

Her dressing-gown of white Indian muslin fell away from her slender, column-like throat, and was caught together above her bosom by a spray of bright red coral; her wide sleeves fell back from her dainty wrists, displaying her beautiful, rounded arms, half-shaded by the wide fall of costly lace; and, to crown all, her pale golden hair fell around her like a glittering shower, rippling over her shoulders to her delicate, slender waist.

In that moment, Lord Roslyn confessed to himself that he worshipped his young bride. The torture of the past half-hour had developed his awakening love into a strong, all-enduring passion, beside which his former affection for Mrs. Adrian was a petty, boyish fancy.

"Adine," he said, softly, coming forward to her side.

She started, springing up with a look of wild alarm, but as she encountered his grave, quiet gaze she calmed herself and resumed her seat.

"I thought it was Lucette," she stammered, scarcely knowing what she said.

"You thought it was Lucette who called you 'Adine,'" exclaimed the earl, in a surprised tone, as he took possession of a chair beside his bride.

A quick glow overspread the sweet face of the young countess, and a frightened look momentarily appeared in her gray eyes, but it fled, as she said:

"Did I say that, Eustace? The truth is, I was frightened by your sudden appearance, and did not hear you call my name. It was the sound of your voice that aroused me, not the word you used."

"Where is Lucette, Adine?"

"I don't know. I have not seen her this evening. I excused her from attendance upon me when I had finished my dinner-toilette."

A faint shadow crept over the earl's countenance, and he looked steadily into his wife's drooping face.

As he looked, the conviction grew upon him that she was perfectly pure and innocent of any wrong to him or to herself; that features so perfect as hers could not conceal a guilty heart; that she was as she looked—an angel.

The man, he mentally decided, had certainly been a robber.

He studied how to break to her the news that her boudoir had been twice invaded by a person covetous of her wealth or diamonds, and how to learn if anything had been taken by him.

"Adine," he said, at last, "how long have you been in your boudoir?"

"Ever since I came up from the drawing-room," she said, unguardedly. "Why do you ask, Eustace?"

"Ever since you came up from the drawing-room?" he repeated, anxiously.

His manner impressed her, she grew pale, and avoided his glance.

"Were you not absent from this room a few minutes—half-an-hour?" he inquired.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because, Adine, if you have been in this room all the time you must have been terribly alarmed. I was on the lawn just now—do not be startled!—and saw a man coming out of this room upon the balcony. He descended to the ground by the tree that shades your window. I wish I had been near enough to catch him. Why, how you tremble, Adine!"

The poor young bride did tremble like a leaf in the wind, and her face was ghastly in its pallor. She covered it with her hands, fearing that her husband's eyes would obtain from it a clue to her terrible secret.

"How I have frightened you, Adine! Did you see this robber?"

"I have seen no robber!" she answered, in a faint whisper.

"Then you were not in the room?" he asked, puzzled.

"Yes, I fear I was," she said, scarcely able to speak at all, and so desperate at that moment that she would gladly have died. "I—I have been sit-

ting here all the evening since I came up. I must have been leaning back in my chair—"

"Asleep?"

Her silence was interpreted as assent.

"We must keep those windows closed in the evening hereafter," declared the earl. "That tree is too near the house, and a thief would be tempted to enter often when such facilities are afforded. Vayle Malvern saw that fellow come and go this evening, and he says he saw him leave this room in the same manner on our bridal night!"

The countess gasped for breath, and her husband saw the colour come and go in the parts of her face uncovered by her hand.

"Do not be so alarmed, Adine," he said, longing, yet not daring, to soothe her by caresses and endearments. "The danger is past now. Let us see if you have lost anything. Where is your purse?"

"In my dressing-room."

"And your jewel-casket?"

"In the same place."

"There seems to be nothing missing from this room, Adine, and, as you were asleep, the fellow may have penetrated to your dressing-chamber. I will see!"

He arose and passed into the next room.

And then the youthful countess uncovered her face, disclosing such a pale, anguished countenance as would have alarmed the earl beyond measure, had he but seen it.

"Oh, heaven pity me!" she whispered, clasping her hands tightly together, and looking upward with a wild, tearless gaze. "This is more than I can bear! Would to heaven that I were dead!"

That wild prayer was uttered with a wailing cry that was laden with horror and despair.

The cry had died away, and her face had assumed a look of stony calmness when the earl returned with her jewel-casket and velvet purse.

He resumed his seat at her side, and handed her the unopened purse, remarking:

"Look, Adine, and see if anything be gone!"

The countess went through the mockery of examining her purse, emptying its gold and bank-notes into her lap, but she restored them, declaring that her purse had been untouched.

"It was jewellery he sought, then," said the earl, placing the jewel-casket on her knees. "Examine your casket, Adine, and let us see what is missing!"

With a sensation of faintness, and a longing to fling the casket and its contents from her and rush away, the young wife turned the tiny gold key in its lock, and lifted the lid of the box of treasures.

The top tray was literally covered with gleaming jewels, bracelets, brooches, and rings.

"Strange," said Lord Roslyn, knitting his brows.

"Nothing is gone from that tray. But the fellow may have been artful enough to take those that were kept beneath. The box is too heavy for you to hold, Adine. Let me set it on the table!"

He did so, and drew the table nearer.

With trembling hands that almost refused to perform their share in the mockery, and with tearless eyes which yet could see nothing of her gems but a strange sparkling and flickering of light, the young countess lifted out the top tray, and revealed a second, not inferior in its display of wealth.

There were tiaras and necklaces of immense value, gorgeous eastern gems, some of them, with imperfect cutting and singular setting, yet many of them worth a prince's ransom.

These were the heirlooms of the Roslyn family.

Many a Countess of Roslyn had clasped those diamond tiaras above her haughty brows; many a Countess of Roslyn had worn those sparkling necklaces above her proud heart.

"I wonder those were not taken," said the earl.

Another tray was revealed, and pear-shaped pearls, sapphires, with the blue of a summer sky in them, rubies no brighter than the lips of their fair owner, great glowing carbuncles in quaint settings, pale amethysts, and other valuable gems were exposed to the sight in such profusion that they suggested visions of Aladdin's gorgeous palace, with its eastern luxuriance of precious stones.

"They are all here," exclaimed Lord Roslyn.

"The Saxon diamonds that descended to you from your grandmother, your bridal gifts, the Roslyn jewels, the gems Hubert gave you from the stores that came to him with his title and estates—yes, they are all here. Nothing seems to be missing."

The countess breathed more freely, and hastened to restore the trays to their rightful position.

"Yet stay!" cried the earl, arresting her movements by putting his hand upon her arm. "I did not see the star bracelet—my mother's bracelet. Let me look again."

Lady Roslyn leaned back in her chair, paralyzed with apprehension, while the earl searched the casket thoroughly.

"It is gone!" he exclaimed. "It is surely gone, Adine."

"Gone!" she whispered.

"Yes; it is not here. Can it be lying in your dressing-room?"

She shook her head.

"You have not got it on?" he questioned, eagerly. She held up her bared, rounded arms, and his countenance fell.

"It is stolen, then. I would rather anything else had been taken, than that," said his lordship. "I had so many tender associations connected with that, Adine. My mother loved to wear it, and in my early boyhood I delighted to watch the flashing of those jewels on her arm. Then you wore it after our betrothal," and his voice grew softer. "It seems as if I had lost a friend, Adine."

He looked into her pale face, and added:

"I am grieving you by my regrets? The bauble was not worth one tear from your eyes, Adine. But it shall be restored to you, and this bold thief shall be punished. I will get a detective—"

"No, Eustace, no!" cried his young wife, pleadingly. "I may find it among my effects. I know I shall have it back again in a few days. I feel that I shall. I beg you not to see a detective. There was no thief, I am convinced. You did but dream—"

"But Malvern saw him too."

"He was mistaken. Oh, Eustace, promise me not to say a word to any one of my loss. Grant me but a few days to search for the bracelet, I implore you—"

Her voice broke down in sobs.

Lord Roslyn was puzzled by her manner, and vague suspicions that all was not right obtruded themselves upon his mind.

With an air of gentle authority, he took both her fluttering hands in his, and looked steadfastly into her eyes, compelling her answering gaze.

She did not regard him with the honest, straightforward look that characterized her, but her glance was wild and full of pleading.

"Adine, I know not what to think," he said, gravely.

She uttered a low, hopeless cry.

"The bracelet is gone, and that would argue that the intruder was a thief. And yet—Adine, I would ask you a single question. I scarcely dare ask it, lest I offend you beyond forgiveness. Yet I must know, and, as your husband, I entreat, I command you to answer. Was that man who visited your chamber on your bridal night, and again this evening—was he Harold Bevan?"

As he uttered the name, the earl looked ashamed of his question.

He was not prepared for the answer.

His young wife flung off his clasping hands, the colour mounted to her cheeks, her gray eyes deepened in colour and flashed and glowed like jewels, and she sprang up and stood before him, indignant, humiliated, and outraged by his inquiry.

"Eustace!" she ejaculated, with gasping breath, and pressing her hand to her heart, as if an arrow had lodged there. "Eustace," and now she drew herself up proudly and scornfully before him. "Did I hear you aright?"

The earl shrank before her scornful, indignant look, and vainly wished his words unsaid.

How could he have been mad enough to utter them? he asked himself.

He was sufficiently versed in the study of human nature to know that her scorn and indignation were real, and that his question had been an insult to her.

"Adine, hear me!" he said, deprecatingly.

The tables were turned now. It was he who trembled, and his bride who was judge.

She regarded him coldly and haughtily.

"I do not wish to hear you," she said.

"But, Adine, I beg you to forgive me. I was mad."

"I do forgive you, Lord Roslyn," she said, icily.

"But I assure you that by your suspicions you have raised between us a barrier which shall never be overthrown."

"Oh, Adine!" he cried, the story of his love trembling upon his tongue.

"I wish to hear no more," she said, with dreary coldness. "We have nothing in common. I never loved you, but now I think I loathe you. Remember the terms of our compact, Eustace Roslyn, and go your way, while I go mine. And now please leave me alone."

The earl endeavoured to explain his conduct, but her coldness did not relax, and he was finally obliged to obey her command.

With a long, pleading look at her, as she stood under the chandelier, in all her glittering beauty and loveliness, he turned to quit the room.

Before he had reached the door, he caught sight of a glove, which he hastily picked up and examined.

It was small, but evidently a gentleman's glove.

The kid was of the finest quality, and there was about it a faint, sweet perfume.

With lips that grew whiter than before under his black moustache, the earl thrust the glove into his pocket without being seen, and withdrew, retiring to his study, where he locked himself in.

When she found herself alone, the young wife's coldness and calmness deserted her, and she sank upon her knees, moaning and weeping.

"Oh, heaven, pity me!" she whispered. "How my own husband has dared to insult me, and even Malvern suspects that I am not worthy of my name and rank. And yet, what would they say if they knew the truth? What would the earl say if he knew but the faintest breath of my awful secret? What will be the end? I feel that I am at the beginning of a fearful drama, in which I shall have to play a terrible part. Would that it were ended!"

# CHAPTER XVI.

Alone! alone! how drear it is!

I am alone, and yet  
In the still solitude there is a rush  
Around me, as were motes  
A crowd of winged things; I hear a rush  
Of uttered harmonies. G. W. Bethune.

THE days went drearily by at Anerly Lodge. Mrs. Polack did not again rise from her bed, to which she had taken on the day of Alix's rescue of the miller's child from the waters of Tenton Brook, and the village physician now openly attended her, coming twice or thrice a day. He did not visit her with the hope of subduing the terrible disease preying upon her life, and now drawing fearfully near her heart, or even of warding off the end, which grew nearer with every hour, but to administer narcotics and soothing potions under the influence of which the invalid slept much of the time, and so was insensible to most of her pain.

All hope had been relinquished. Sitting by the side of Mrs. Polack in the still night-time, and watching anxiously her laboured breathing, Alix Erle had schooled her heart to bear what was inevitable, and thenceforth no tears were shed by her in the presence of her dying friend, and she uttered no repinings at the decree of Providence. Alix had proved herself a little heroine.

She had taken upon herself the charge of the household, directing her two servants in their labours, had constituted herself chief nurse to Mrs. Polack, attending upon her night and day, and in the midst of her onerous duties, never once relaxed her quiet self-control, or forgot the sweet and gentle patience that had come to replace her former gaiety and gladness.

A professional nurse had been engaged to assist Alix in nursing her friend, but the maiden spent most of her time by the bedside, and took her brief slumbers upon a couch in one corner of the room.

Her thoughts in those long hours of watching were not all of her dying protectress. She thought of Rellen, for whose presence his mother pined in every waking moment, and prayed that he might come before it would be too late; she thought of her mysterious guardian, with shuddering terror; and she thought of the bright, fair-haired youth who had rescued her from probable drowning, and blushingly whispered to herself a hope that they should some time or other meet again.

With her night and morning prayers for the health and comfort of Mrs. Polack, and the speedy return of Rellen, went up a petition for the happiness of Hubert Sayton, a name that she treasured in her inmost heart, as synonymous with all that was grand, noble and brave.

Thus a week had passed away. It was strange how rapidly the invalid had failed since she had confessed her illness—what frightful ravages in her personal appearance had all at once become apparent, and how suddenly her strength had given way after the disclosure of her malady.

As she lay in her bed one morning, her eyelashes drooping upon her wan, sunken cheeks, her white lips compressed, and her hands folded above her heart, which her insidious disease had already attacked, Alix bent over her with a loving gaze.

How white the invalid's hair had grown! The severe look had vanished from the thin face, which now expressed nothing except intense suffering and holy resignation.

Alix smoothed the faded hair under the thin white cap, arranged the pillows with a gentle hand, and then, with the tears welling up into her soft brown eyes, she turned to the open window, through which stole the sweet morning air.

The morning was lovely without, radiant with sunshine, flowers and birds, and the sick chamber had caught something of its brightness. Alix looked up at the blue sky, and was murmuring a prayer when a slight noise from the bed aroused her.

"Alix!" called the invalid, faintly.

"Yes, aunty," and the girl hastened to the bedside.

Mrs. Polack's eyes were open and had in them a strange, terrifying gaze, and a gray pallor had settled about her mouth.

"You need your medicine, Aunt Lettice!" said Alix, reaching out her hand for the opiate upon the table.

"No, love, no, I must not sleep now. I want to talk with you. Are we alone?"

"Yes, Aunt Lettice. The nurse is down stairs, and the doctor has not come!"

"It is well. Sit down by me, darling. I have much to say to you, and the time is short!"

Alix drew a chair to the bedside and seated herself, retaining Mrs. Polack's hand in her own.

"Alix," she said, in faint, tremulous tones, after a brief and thoughtful silence, "your life has been pleasant, has it not?"

"Yes, aunty, I have been very happy until my guardian came!"

"I had hoped that that happiness would be perpetual, my love. You deserve to be happy. You have made the sunshine of the Lodge since you came into it, and you have brightened my lonely life. I wanted to live that I might watch over and shield you always, but it may not be. You are so young that I cannot bear to leave you unprotected. I could have defended you from your mysterious guardian, but what can you do alone?"

"There is a kind and watchful Providence," said Alix, softly.

"Yes, there is, and I rely upon it. But I want you to have earthly friends to protect you, too. You cannot live alone at the Lodge when I am gone. Hush, love, don't sob so. You ought to have a guardian who would defend you, if it were necessary, with his life. The rector is kind, but he is old and ill. There is but one other to whom I would trust you."

"Who is he?"

"My son Rellen," and the invalid's eyes glowed with a tender, motherly pride. "Oh, if I could but see him now! I fear, Alix, that I shall not live until he comes, and I want you to give him my blessing and last kiss. Here, let me press it on your lips, now!"

Alix bent above her and received the fond caress which Rellen was not there to obtain for himself.

"Rellen has loved you always, Alix, from the day when he found you here on one of his visits from school. Do you remember the toys he used to bring you, the fairy stories with which he used to beguile your childish fancy? No brother was ever so tender and gentle as he. For years, Alix, I have dreamed of your becoming his wife. You are by nature so glad and joyous, so clinging and affectionate, and he is so gentle and mild, that you cannot fail to be happy together. Alix, won't you become his wife?"

The maiden drooped her head, and a soft, roscate flush stole up into her cheeks, as she replied in a whisper:

"Rellen may not want me, aunty."

"Yes, he does, dear. It is right for me to betray his confidence now. The last time he was here he intended to ask you to become his wife, but circumstances prevented. If he had asked you, Alix, what would you have said?"

"I should have said yes," was the timid response.

A look of joy overspread the invalid's face, and she pressed the girl's hand, which seemed to grow colder in her clasp.

"My prayers are answered," she said. "You love Rellen, dear?"

The maiden hesitated, then replied:

"I know he is grand and noble, aunty, and I admire him and look up to him. I—I love him as I might have loved an elder brother—"

"Only as a brother, Alix?"

"I hardly know, Aunt Lettice."

"It is natural, dear, that you should not fully understand your own heart yet. It is not for me to read it. When Rellen comes to you as a lover, you will reveal your heart to him. But I may not live till then, Alix, and I can die happier if I know that your future and his are secured. When he asks you to be his wife, what shall you say to him?"

The flush faded from the girl's cheeks, leaving them white as unstained marble, and a pained look was visible in her eyes, as she falteringly answered:

"I hope he will not ask me, Aunt Lettice."

"And why not?"

"I scarcely understand myself, aunty. It seems to me that I don't love Rellen quite as a wife should. I know he is good, and I love him as a younger sister would, but a wife ought to worship her husband with a love far greater than I feel for Rellen."

"Alix, my love," said the dying woman, fixing her gaze upon her young charge, "when I spoke to you of Rellen, but a few days ago, you listened with

blushes and confusion, and I was sure you loved him. Something must have occurred since that conversation to give you a clearer insight into your own heart. What was it?"

The maiden looked agitated, but did not reply.

The invalid regarded her for a moment in thoughtful quietness, and then said:

"Is this change in your feelings the result of your adventure at Tenton Brook?"

Alix made no reply beyond a startled glance.

"Be frank with me, my love," she said, with yearning tenderness. "I am the only mother you have ever known, and I love you as I love Rellen. I know but little difference between my children. Have you thought of your brave young rescuer since?"

"Yes, aunty," was the response, in a timid whisper.

"Do you think you love this young gentleman, Alix?"

"Love him! Oh, aunty! Why, I saw him but once."

True, my child, but the circumstances of that meeting were unusual. I have had a large experience, and have known many cases of real love at first sight. But, Alix, if you cherish the image of this youth in your heart, you had better put it from you now, while you will receive the least pain. You may never see him again. And if you do, it will be better to relinquish his acquaintance."

"But why, Aunt Lettice?"

"Because he is a viscount, and the brother-in-law of an earl. His sister is Lady Roslyn, who was married but a few days since. This young Lord Sayton has but just come of age, and is travelling for pleasure. The doctor casually informed me the other day, that Lord Sayton had passed through the village on the day of your adventure, and I knew at once that he had been your rescuer."

"He is Lord Sayton, then?" mused Alix.

"Yes, my love, the descendant and representative of a noble and haughty race. Suppose he were to fall in love with you—let us speak plainly, and simply suppose a case. He believes you to be Alix Erle, the niece of Mrs. Polack, a decayed schoolmistress, who is living upon her earnings. Would not that shock his sister, his brother-in-law, and his late guardian? Would not the world stare at his choice of a bride, when he might have wedded the noblest in the land?"

"But if he loved, aunty, he would not care for what people might say."

"Not for what people in general might say, but he would care for the opinion of his sister and her husband, and for the opinions of those whom he now regards as his friends. But I have presented the fairest side of the case," and the invalid looked affectionately upon the bended head of her darling. "You are not my niece, Alix. Your birth and position in life are unknown. At any moment, this terrible guardian of yours might come upon you with a tale that would crush you to the very earth. Could the pride of this young Lord Sayton endure the shock of discovering that your origin is wrapped in a fearful mystery? Would he not indulge in fruitless speculations as to your parentage, and be disappointed if some time came out that there was a stain upon your name?"

The countenance of Alix Erle grew pale and resolute as she listened to these remarks, and she answered:

"Aunt Lettice, I had not hoped to marry Lord Sayton. I may never see him again. I have not the vanity to think that he will remember me, or wish ever to see my face again. I do not want to think of marriage at all, for I could never bear that any one should suffer one pang upon my account, or be ashamed of me."

"Alix," said the invalid, gently, pressing the cold hand of the young girl, "there is one who loves you, let your parentage be what it may. There is one who will shield you from the world, who will guard you from this enemy of yours and make you happy. It is Rellen. Oh, Alix, promise me to marry him. I cannot die in peace, if I think you will throw away his life and yours for a vain dream."

Alix's thoughts went back to her helpless childhood made happy by Mrs. Polack and her son. She thought of the joys with which they had surrounded her, the care and tenderness they had bestowed upon her, the respect with which they had always treated her.

Why should she hesitate to become the wife of Rellen? By marrying him she would make both mother and son happy, and in part requite their goodness to her.

Yet, in her soul, Alix Erle shrank from making the required promise.

Whether it was that some mysterious instinct unconsciously to herself warned her against it, or whether just as unconsciously she was experiencing an awakening love for the young Lord Sayton was not known even to herself.

"Oh, Alix," exclaimed Mrs. Polack, as the maiden did not answer, "have pity upon my son, as I had pity upon you."

That prayer decided the young girl.

"Aunt Lettice," she said, in clear tones, "it is right that the life that was, perhaps, saved by you, when you took me from the hands of my enemy, should be devoted to you and yours. You have made my life full of gladness and happiness, and I would care for you and love you as a daughter till my death if you could but live. If you are to be taken from me, I will devote myself to Rellen!"

"You will marry him, then, my child?"

"If he desires it, I will marry him!" declared Alix, solemnly, feeling that she was making a vow which might not be broken.

The invalid's face was irradiated with joy, and she breathed her thankfulness and gratitude in unmeasured terms.

"I shall then die happy," she said, "even if I may not see my son again; but I shall see him, Alix. I know, now, that I shall live to clasp your hand in his, and give you both my last blessing. I have no longer any fears for your future, my love. Rellen will protect you!"

Her joyous smile gave way to an expression of agony, and she placed both her hands upon her breast, breathing gaspingly.

"You have talked too much, Aunt Lettice," said Alix, rising, and bending over her. "Can't I do something for you?"

The invalid shook her head.

At this juncture the nurse entered the chamber.

Her round, red face grew grave as she noticed the agitated condition of her patient, and she uttered a remonstrance as she approached the bedside.

"This is not the course to take if you wish to keep strong till your son comes," she said.

"I had something I wished to say to Alix," answered the invalid. "I have not finished—"

"You are not well enough to finish now, Mrs. Polack. What will the doctor say if he finds you looking so worn out when he comes? You had better go to sleep. You will awaken as strong again as you are now."

She hesitated, knowing, perhaps, her own weakness better than another; but, desirous of keeping up until the arrival of her son, she yielded to the wishes of her nurse.

A potion was prepared, and administered to her, and she sank back upon her pillow.

"Sit by me, Alix," she said, feebly, feeling around for the hand of the young girl.

Alix resumed her seat, and took the invalid's hand. "Alix," whispered the dying woman, "remember your promise!"

"I will remember!"

Mrs. Polack closed her eyes, but immediately reopened them; and, beckoning the maiden closer to her, whispered:

"Alix, this young lord may remember you and love you. He may be willing to overlook the mystery of your birth; but, if he should, you will never forget your promise?"

"Never, Aunt Lettice, never!"

The old lady smiled, and again closed her eyes, while Alix, clasping her hand, kept close watch beside her.

The minutes wore on. The invalid sank to sleep; the nurse seated herself in an arm-chair by the window; and Alix gave herself up to reflection.

The revelation that the Hubert Sayton who had rescued her from possible drowning, and of whom she had since dreamed as maidens will, was a viscount, troubled her, and she assured herself that it was well she had promised to marry Rellen Polack, for the young nobleman would never think of her again.

Resolutely banishing all thoughts of him, she set herself to picturing a future with Mrs. Polack's son, and her heart warmed towards him as she remembered his gentleness and kindness.

Beset with her thoughts, she did not notice that the hand she held was growing cold, or that the form of the old lady was becoming rigid.

She was aroused by the entrance of the doctor, who came to the bedside and looked upon the invalid. She saw him start, and feel the pulse of the hand she held, and then regard her with a look of commiseration.

"Aunt Lettice talked more than usual this morning, doctor," she said, thinking he desired an explanation of the invalid's unusual exhaustion. "She had some directions to give me. I think she will feel better when she awakens!"

"She does feel better, my child," said the doctor, gently, "and she has awakened—awakened in another world than ours!"

Alix uttered a low cry, and sprang up, looking upon the face that had always regarded her lovingly.

It was cold and passionless—rigid as the face of a marble statue.

The tears that had been so bravely repressed, lest they should grieve the invalid, now burst forth in a shower, and Alix sobbed in an agony of grief.

Yet not even now could Alix long give way to her tears.

For, a few minutes later, a cry of dismay came from the nurse, who had gone back to the window, and she exclaimed:

"Mr. Polack is come! He is entering the house—"

"I must break the news to him!" said Alix, stifling her anguish. "She wanted me to tell him, and I must!"

With a wild inward prayer for strength and support, the young girl kissed the still face she had loved, and turned to descend the stairs to the drawing-room, where Rellen Polack, unconscious of the blow awaiting him, had been shown.

(To be continued.)

## SCIENCE.

**A NEW DYE FROM GAS REFUSE.**—A new golden-yellow dye, called dinitro-naphthyl, has been obtained from the naphthalene of gasworks, by treating a solution of muriate of naphthylamin and nitrate of potash with nitric acid.

The cable in the Black Sea is to have three insulated conductors, which are to be enclosed by a copper sheath to protect it against oxidation and against the attacks of marine insects which abound in those regions.

At the palace of the Luxembourg, the plaster work of the fine dome of the library, painted by Eugene Delacroix, has fallen down and broken in pieces. The fragments have been carefully taken up and conveyed to one of the studios of the Louvre, where Count de Nieuwerkerke is having them placed together again.

**A PLAN FOR PHOTOGRAPHING ALL AROUND AT ONCE.**—Mount eight cameras in a balloon pointing in different directions, and when the balloon is at the proper height, expose eight plates simultaneously. In case of war we thus propose to secure a quick view of the country all around at any given point.—*Philadelphia Photographer.*

Horns are entertained that the work of clearing the harbour of Sebastopol will be completed by the end of 1869. On May 20th the hull of the Sviatoslaw was raised, so that on the second line there only remain the Ichesma, the Maria, and the Ratislav. Afterwards the operations will commence on the first line, which, however, causes no obstruction to navigation.

A new method of cutting or rather dividing glass has been recently invented in France, and is practised in the large establishment of the Glass Company of Balcarat. A jet of highly heated air is directed from a tube on the vase or other object to be cut, which, while made to revolve on its axis, is brought close to the nozzle of the tube. The object being then cooled suddenly, the glass divides at the place operated on with extreme accuracy.

ILLUMINATING gas has many impurities, of which, perhaps, the most objectionable is sulphur. Some very careful tests have recently been made by Mr. Valentin, of the Royal College of Chemistry, to ascertain the amount of this noxious substance evolved in the combustion of given quantities of the gas supplied by various companies; and it has followed that the purest samples give as much as from twenty to thirty grains of sulphur for every 100 cubic feet consumed. An ordinary fish-tail jet may be said to burn, says *Once a Week*, five cubic feet an hour; from this, and an inspection of his gas bills, Paterfamilias may compute the quantity of brimstone that he diffuses through the atmosphere of his house in the course of a year. He will find, for instance, that a four-light gaselier lighted during an average of two hours a night all the year round, will, in the course of the twelve months, yield about half a pound of sulphur, in the form of sulphuric and sulphurous acids, to vitiate the air he breathes and destroy his household gods. Here is an argument for lamp and candle makers.

**UNDER THE SEA.**—The greatest depth to which a diver can descend with the present appliances in safety is about 160 feet, and for this a burden of one hundredweight must be disposed about his person. The average depth at which he can work comfortably is about ninety feet, which was near the depth at which the operations upon the Royal George were conducted. In water from sixty to seventy feet deep, the men can work for two hours at a time, coming up for ten minutes' rest, and doing a day's work of six or seven hours. An English diver, en-

cased in one of Siebe's dresses, went down in the Mediterranean to a depth of 165 feet, and remained there for twenty-five minutes; and we have heard that Green, the American diver, inspected a wreck in one of the Canadian lakes at a depth of 170 feet; but his experience was enough to convince him that he could not work on it without danger to life. At this depth the pressure of water on the hands is as great as to force the blood to the head and bring on fainting fits, while the requisite volume of air inside the dress to resist the outside pressure of the water is so great that it would speedily suffocate the diver. Means have been tried to obviate these difficulties, but for the present a limit has been set to the extent to which man may penetrate the secrets of the deep. An ingenious Italian workman has brought to this country plans for a sort of scale-armour dress which would resist the pressure of the water; but our submarine engineers think that this would not obviate the difficulties arising from the limits placed to human endurance.

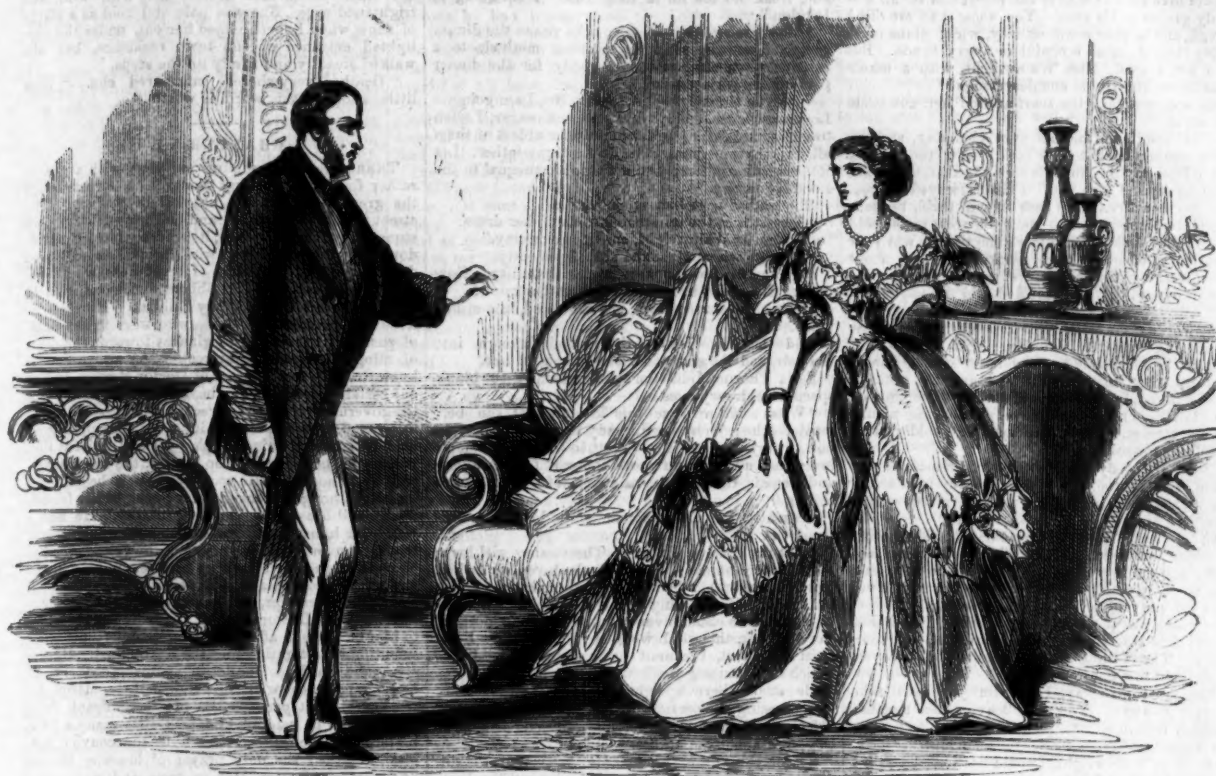
## SELF-RIGHTING ARRANGEMENT FOR LIFEBOATS.

An ingenious idea for this purpose has lately been patented by a Mr. Ganner. The boat resembles those of the National Lifeboat Society in general form, except that the sheer fore and aft is not carried so high as it is in the Society's boats. Amidships a kind of cabin is constructed, closed by a watertight door; this cabin or compartment rises only to the level of the boat's gunwales in the centre, but is carried up like a pair of horns at each side, so that there is a casing for the length of the cabin, say 6 ft., standing about 3 ft. over each side, and about a foot and a half wide; in the hollow between these casings is placed a cylinder or cask pivoted on a bar secured to the roof of the watertight compartment. The employment of this balancing cask constitutes the improvement in the self-righting principle; for having a foot or two of play before touching the bulkhead at either side when the boat is capsized it naturally turns over to one or other, thus giving a preponderance of flotation to the side to which it happens to turn, and preventing the possibility of the boat hanging, as it were, for a time before righting. This is undoubtedly an assistance towards a desirable result; but the central cabin, in which it is intended (if ventilation for it can be contrived) to stow twenty people, would be a serious hindrance to the working of the boat, and be almost certain to be knocked to pieces if the boat upset in shallow, broken water. It is also intended to use the small stem-and-stern water-tight compartments for stowing ten people each, provided ventilation can be obtained for them. The remainder of the boat would thus be clear for working her, but for our part we should strongly object to be stowed away as inside passengers, though the spaces might be very useful for provisions in the case of ships' lifeboats. For this purpose this form of boat is much more adapted than for shore work, where the central cabin would be a serious impediment in working the boat off.

**EXPEDITION FOR THE AUGUST ECLIPSE.**—The mission sent out to observe the eclipse of the sun on the 18th August, by the Minister of Public Instruction in France, who has granted 2,000*l.* to the purpose, has just left Marseilles for the East. The Academy of Sciences of Paris has also commissioned M. Jansen, known for his spectroscopic researches, to proceed to the East, for the same purpose, and has voted 600*l.* for expenses, to which the Minister of Public Instruction has added 480*l.* The Governor of the French settlement of Cochinchina has informed the Minister of Marine that the preliminary preparations for the observations in question are completed. The spot selected is on the coast of the peninsula of Malacca, and it is said that the King of Siam has expressed his desire to be present at the observations. A similar expedition has been organized by the Prussian Government, at the instance of the Berlin Astronomical Society. As each nation selects a spot distant from that to which the English expedition has proceeded, there is every hope that in one place, if not more, the weather will be favourable for observation.

SOME mortars captured at Magdala have reached Gosport; also some Abyssinian dogs of a curious variety.

**TRUANT POOR.**—What is to be done with our roughs? A committee has just been appointed to inquire, and they are to report in a month. The committee has good names upon it, and if inquiry by discreet and open-minded men can do good we may expect much good to accrue from its labours. The truant poor, as the resolution calls them, are indeed a problem—a problem, we fear, likely to be rendered insoluble, not by the difficulty of finding occupation for them, but by the impossibility of subduing their rooted aversion to occupation. The two things won't meet.



## OCTAVIA'S PRIDE.

BY THE

Author of "Captain Pritty," "Leaves of Fate," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER V.

"LETTERS, Felix—anything from Screw and Scattergood's office? my father was just asking. Bring them here, if you please; I will look at them before I go."

Miss Wainwright stood at the drawing-room door, a vision dazzling and beautiful beyond comparison to the eyes which looked upon her. She was going out to a dinner party, and the carriage was already waiting at the door. She wore a pearl-coloured satin dress, whose lustrous shimmer was broken, here by undulating lines of foamy lace, and there by little knots of fluttering ribbon, with a sparkling fringe of crystal pendants. That wonderful hair of hers shone and rippled under a pearl fillet. A pearl hung by a delicate gold chain from the finely-shaped ear, and a chain of strung pearls was flung carelessly around the ivory fair throat. Felix had never more fully realized her queenly loveliness of person, nor that exquisite grace of manner, which, after all, is the birthright of nature, and not the acquisition of culture.

With the packet of letters clasped nervously in his fingers, he stood staring upon her, all the wild devotion of his fierce nature flaming up into his eyes.

She was so beautiful, this Octavia Wainwright, and the keen, sagacious, subtle mind kept such worthy company with her loveliness of person, that Felix Thorne said there was no one like her in all the wide world. He could have knelt, like a devotee, and kissed the ground where she trod. If he had dared, he would have seized that very moment to have flung himself at her feet, and demanded to be set any herculean task, the performance of which would be rewarded by her favour. He knew, he felt it, not with the shuddering terror such consciousness should have brought, but with a sort of pride and triumph, that he would be willing to undergo any torture or penance, would risk his very soul, to see those red lips smile tenderly, those bright, steady eyes droop coyly, with a girl's bashful love, before his ardent gaze.

Instead of this, she stood before him serenely calm, fixing her glance gravely upon him, until that passionate glow flamed into his face, when she shut her red lips together with her father's sternness, and a frown wrinkled her fair, smooth forehead. It was

[FELIX DECLARES HIS LOVE.]

singular how, without a word, scarcely a look or a gesture, she managed to freeze him with the consciousness of her icy displeasure.

Octavia Wainwright was no coquette. Felix Thorne, as Miss Wainwright only knew him, braced himself with a desperate effort, and in a moment had resumed his ordinary free and easy, but decorously respectful manner.

"I think there is a communication from General Wainwright's solicitors. It bears their seal, at least," he said, quietly.

She stretched out her white, somewhat large, but symmetrical hand, retreating into the drawing-room as she did so.

Felix followed with the look of one accustomed to share her perplexities, if he might not venture to seek her love.

Miss Wainwright went up to the marble chimney-piece, and leaning against it for support, broke open the letter with an impatient hand.

Her eye ran over the closely written lines with swift glances, and when she had finished, she folded it carefully, and restored it to its envelope.

Felix had watched her face closely, passionate love and fierce anger flaming up in his heart.

"Well," said she, slowly, taking up a mantle which was thrown carelessly over a chair near her, "suspense at least will be spared us. The case is coming on in three days."

"So soon," said Felix, dropping his eyes to the floor, "and are they prepared?"

"As well as they will ever be," answered Miss Wainwright, a slow smile playing over her face.

He looked up now.

"And you are not disturbed, Miss Wainwright?"

"No, not particularly. Do you imagine these nameless adventurers can so easily turn us from the home of our ancestors?"

"But they declare they have a better claim both to the name and the home," said he, a flush stealing into his sallow cheek.

A glance of cold contempt fell upon him.

"Are you espousing their cause? Let them prove the marriage of Gustavus Wainwright. That is the chief point we dispute."

"But I understand there was a witness."

She took up the fan hanging by a slender silver chain from her flageolet bracelet, and waved it carelessly to and fro before she answered.

"I am not disturbed concerning that witness. Those Middletons are too wary to bring him forward."

"I have heard you say so before. But the mere statement is ambiguous—I do not understand—"

"But I do," she interrupted, hastily, "and you will not be required to wait long, to see that I am right. This vexatious matter will soon be ended."

"You are so confident?" said he, and there was a startled apprehension in his voice.

She veiled, beneath the white eyelids drooping to her cheek, a smile of exultant triumph, and answered, coldly:

"You are in a singular mood, Felix. Why should I not be confident? Do you question the right of my father to Wainwright Slope?"

"Many just causes are lost in a suit at law," returned he, gravely, "and I confess, as far as my judgment goes, the case looks formidable. I had the impression that General Wainwright was also anxious, and you yourself startled and alarmed. There may be new developments, however."

"Nothing new to me," she answered.

Something in her tone made him start and look up hastily into her face. He bit his lip angrily, and there was a tinge of resentment in his voice.

"Thank you. I perceive your meaning. While I believed that I was sharing your fullest confidence, you have chosen to keep your secrets from me. I have not really known all that was getting ready for the case."

"Have you any just cause for complaint if it were so, though I do not admit that it is?" demanded Octavia Wainwright, imperiously. "You are my father's secretary, and have certainly received every mark of favour from him. He has been generous in his confidence, and allowed your intimate acquaintance with all his affairs. But were you ever chosen as his daughter's confessor, or counsellor?"

Felix Thorne's sallow cheek grew deadly pale; he clenched his fingers till the nails cut into the palm of the closed hand hanging by his side, a spark of fierce anger and yet passionate love leaped into his gray eyes.

"No," said he, bitterly, "never. General Wainwright's daughter treats me as if I were a brute, a dumb creature without heart or soul."

"I have never refused due respect to your ability, your mental superiority over the majority of your class," answered Miss Wainwright, slowly and steadily. "When you have kept in your rightful position I have been both confidential and friendly. You know very well what absurd behaviour it is that excites my anger."

"Yes, I know. You think the humble, obscure secretary must needs be a stone or a stick, must have no eye for your transcendent grace and beauty, must be blind, deaf, and dumb. You resent it as an insult, if his heart kindles into a fierce glow of pas-

sionate love for one who is the perfection of all womanly graces in his eyes. You show it to me often enough, and in your wordless way, which stabs more deeply than the most scornful or angry tirade. But am I not a man, Miss Wainwright, with a man's capabilities, and rights and deservings?"

She was wrapping the scarf around her, and made no answer.

"Yes," continued he, his eyes gleaming, and the colour coming back to his face, "now the seal is broken from my lips, for this once you shall hear what I wish to say. I love you. I shall always love you. Until my heart ceases to beat it will throb beneath its unalterable devotion to you. Be you ever so cold and haughty, I shall still hope some time to win your favour. I shall never cease working, to bring about the realisation of the one desire of my life, never unless the ad covered you, and then I should die and follow you."

The words came with fierce impetuosity, his breast was heaving with deep emotion. Miss Wainwright could not be insensible to the fervour of this man's devotion. She knew that it was genuine, without any affectation, but somehow it did not flatter her as such idolatrous love would have pleased the vanity of other women. She turned upon him coldly, with scarcely repressed anger.

"This rhapsody had better have remained unspoken, Mr. Thorne, it will prevent any farther intimacy between us, and when my father recovers it will oblige him to find a new secretary."

"Cruel, hard, pitiless!" ejaculated Felix, with lips which quivered pitifully; "oh, why can I not despise and detest you as I ought? But I cannot. I can no more resist this mad, overwhelming love, than I can prevent my heart from beating."

His voice was a wailing cry as he concluded. For the first time she seemed to feel an impulse of compassion. The chilling anger faded out of her eyes, and she said in a gentler tone:

"You must go away, Felix; for your own sake you must go away. You must leave us the moment my father recovers."

He sighed, softly.

"Oh, Miss Wainwright, I could not forget you if I were buried alive in the great Sahara, or drifting endlessly upon the Polar Sea. And you will need me if your father should not recover."

All the coldness and passiveness faded away now, and a tremour of agitation convulsed her face.

"Not recover! Felix Thorne, how dare you insinuate such a thing? My father not recover! He comes of a long-lived family, and he is only fifty-eight. It is cruel in you to suggest such a doubt."

There were tears in her eyes, and the bright drops hung trembling on the long lashes.

"How she loves that haughty, selfish old man! She has given so much of her heart to him there is no room left for others," thought Felix, drearily, and then he answered, gravely:

"Indeed, indeed, Miss Wainwright, I did not intend to grieve you. I supposed the physician had told you what he spoke to me so plainly."

Her face grew pale, she caught her breath nervously, and clasping her hand across her heart spoke imperiously in a low, concentrated tone of deep anxiety.

"Tell me every word he said to you. He never hinted to me that there was any question about his recovery."

"I am very sorry I spoke," stammered Felix; "perhaps after all I mistook—"

"Tell me precisely what he said to you," she said, stamping her foot impatiently, the hands still pressed close and hard against her heart.

"He told me he had little doubt that the disease would terminate General Wainwright's life."

The hands were withdrawn, and laid hastily upon her forehead.

"No, no, it cannot be; oh, no, it cannot be, it must not, it shall not be. My dear father, he is all I have. I shall die if I lose him!" she murmured, despairingly.

Felix was deeply touched by her grief.

"It is but the opinion of one man," he said, soothingly.

She started forward eagerly.

"You are right. How can I have been so thoughtless? He shall have the ablest of the London physicians; we will save him yet. Oh, thank you, Felix, for telling me before it is too late."

She had forgotten her late coldness and anger. He saw that she scarcely remembered anything of his fiery speech. Her anxiety for her father swallowed up all other emotion.

"Ah," said he, smiling drearily, "so you are willing to thank me, Miss Wainwright, for this."

She scarcely heard him, but began hurriedly folding up the mantle, and then unclasped the pearl necklace.

"Will you tell Robert to bring up the carriage,

and fresh horses for a long ride. I am going to London."

"The carriage is waiting to take you to the dinner party. You can send by a dozen methods to a London physician. You are ready for the dinner party, Miss Wainwright."

"Do you think I will go now? No, I am going to London at once. I will trust no messenger, I wish to make sure for myself, which is the ablest of them all, and that one must come down to my father. Let Robert change the horses, if those are unequal to the London journey."

She walked past him as she spoke.

He caught at the glistening folds of her dress.

"But, Miss Wainwright, am I to go or stay?"

"Go—go where?" asked she, impatiently.

He hung his head in sorrow and humility. How utterly his affairs had vanished from her mind!

"It is of no consequence," he answered, in a stifled voice.

And Octavia Wainwright passed through into the hall, and the great door closed behind her.

Felix Thorne Middleton stood looking at the blank space with dreary eyes.

"What a bitter farce this life of ours can be," muttered he; "here am I, ready to peril my life, my honour, my very soul's salvation, to win that woman's love, and she has no more thought for my agony and despair, than for the existence of a fly upon the ceiling."

Presently the old sardonic smile broke over his face.

"But my time will come. The strange girl loves the old place as much almost as she loves her father. She will consent to be my wife rather than be thrust out from it. Humiliating as it is to confess it, I shall be thankful to obtain even such a beggar's portion. For I cannot, though I were to tear out my heart from my breast, I cannot put away this wild love which is consuming me."

He stood there upright until he heard a light step crossing the corridor above, then, remembering the charge he had received, he went out and gave the order about the horses.

Scarcely an hour afterwards Miss Wainwright, dressed in a gray travelling suit, came swiftly down the stairs. Felix was ready to hand her into the carriage, hoping to be repaid by a single glance, but a thick veil concealed her face. She paused, however, just as she was seating herself, and leaning out, said:

"You must go and talk with papa, Felix, while I am gone, and keep him engaged upon cheerful topics, and leave business affairs alone. Good day."

Did she know that the cordial tone of that good day would keep him earnest and submissive to her bidding?

The Wainwright carriage drove into London just before sunset, and in taking the shortest route for their destination, it passed by a police station, around which a crowd had gathered, and for a moment blocked the way. The stopping of the carriage roused Miss Wainwright from her abstraction, and she leaned out, but drew back instantly, shuddering at the sight presented by a hideous, ghastly burden borne upon a plank between two men. A drowned woman, the face so terribly decomposed by long immersion in the water as to make it seem impossible it had ever been a human countenance. Recognition of the features was of course impossible, but the clothing was little injured. A tall vixenish-looking woman, in a black cape and hood, stood by the litter, and lifted the dripping tresses of brown hair.

Her voice reached the carriage as she spoke in answer to some interrogation from the station officer.

"Yes, sir, there's no doubt about it. Them are her clothes, and she had such hair. It's the poor little girl as has been missing from my house these two weeks. Her uncle has been searching everywhere. He thought as how somebody had run away with her. He's gone now looking for her. Poor thing! I'm just mistrusting she had some trouble, and took this way to get out of it."

"You are positive about the identity?" asked the officer.

"I am positive about them clothes. I can't tell anything by such a face as that. You'd best save the clothes for him to see when he comes."

The litter was still resting on the pavement before the station door. Octavia Wainwright bent out again, gave one swift glance, and then pulled the strap vigorously.

"Drive on, Robert, or return to the other street. Do not keep me here."

The carriage whirled around, but not before she heard the officer say:

"I will preserve the clothing, and this locket hung around the neck, and I shall put down the name of the suicide as you have told me—Miss, niece of one Mathew Morley, of Calcutta."

General Wainwright's daughter put her hands to

her ears, and looked around her with wild and frightened eyes. She was pale and cold as a statue of snow when Robert helped her out, under the gas-lighted entrance of the town residence, but she walked steadily and firmly up the steps.

"Death everywhere," murmured she. "How little, after all, this world is worth!"

## CHAPTER VI.

THERE is a low, rambling building, with a grave, rather forbidding-looking front, in a street below the great stone convict hospital of Sydney. The street facing it is sombre and chilling with its dark stones discoloured by age; its scarcely less grim windows, narrow and hung with formal, dark-coloured drapery, its entire absence of brightness, whether of blossoming plants or gay ribbons, or blooming faces of pretty women and merry children. People who lived in the vicinity, or those who were in the habit of passing frequently, cast glances towards the place of mingled awe and interest. Almost everyone knew that it was the house of Doctor Morley, and no one certainly who had any business at the hospital, or the government offices, but recognised the small, spare figure and erect head with its closely-cropped gray hair, its small, piercing black eyes and reticent lips, whenever they met Doctor Morley, the head physician of the hospital. He was not a man to be regarded lightly, although among the very best of his friends none could boast of any close intimacy. He had a way with him of putting at a distance any careless or trivial conversation, any attempt, however friendly, of passing the barrier set up between physician and patient, business relations or scientific devotees. If ever a man lived for, and gave himself up to his profession, it was Doctor Morley. The wide world seemed to him but a field, affording simply opportunities for scientific investigation into the healing art. He was stern and hard to fanaticism, against quackery, he had no patience with drivellers, little mercy for weakness. But perhaps the most significant thing which could be said of him was that many a poor, battered, broken-down wretch in the convict hospital, breathed the only prayer of blessing his lips knew, when Doctor Morley came and went—that many a hard, bitter face, sin-marked and sad, brightened into its most Christian expression at sight of the small spare figure in its rusty coat—that there were not a dozen or a score, but a hundred stalwart fellows, in and around Sydney, who, having at one time or another gone into the hospital, had passed out so won to this man, that, had any danger menaced him, they would have sprung forward to his aid, counting the risk of their lives of little consequence if given to his service. The government officers, from highest to lowest, held Doctor Morley in the highest estimation, sought his advice in many other matters than pertained to his profession, and had profound respect for his worth and knowledge. Nevertheless there was a little irritation and awe in the minds of some of the higher officials. Doctor Morley was of no account at the grand dinners given at the Government house. Why would not the man unbend from that chilling reserve of his? What need for ever carrying the stern duties of his life, never dropping them, not even for an hour of conviviality? Had the man actually no tenderness in his nature? Were his nerves steel strung, as well as those wiry sinews of his muscular arm which never quivered or faltered in the most harrowing cases which came under his surgical skill? Did he never need recreation or relaxation?

This was a question often asked by the jovial, pleasure-loving dignitaries who would fain have lured Doctor Morley's keen mind, to have contributed its brilliant repartee and zest over their festive board. But Doctor Morley was proof against their enticements. When his hours of work were over, he went home to this dark chilling house, walked gravely and soberly up the dingy steps, and vanished from the view of outsiders.

It is pleasant to know there was really a cheery home-side to the experience of this man, who was truly a philanthropist in the most unselfish sense of the word. Scarcely had his key clicked in the lock, and the door unclosed, than a step firm and steady, but light, advanced from the corridor above, and a moment after a young woman in the very plainest of attire, with a clear, steady, hazel eye, and a fresh, healthy complexion came quietly to his side.

"The coffee is ready, sir, and the papers are in from the mail," she would say, her face all aglow with some inward gladness.

And Doctor Morley would nod in return, and a sympathetic smile brighten the grave, sorrow face.

"Then I will go out into the garden at once, Jenny Wren, and do you come out with your knitting, for I have something to tell you about poor Bob Jar-

denier."

And the doctor walked through the house into the

garden in the rear, a cosy retreat cut off from the observation of the street, or no one there would have pronounced Doctor Morley's house cheerless and dreary. For all the gloom and grimness at the front of the mansion was atoned for here. The high wall was flanked by rows of alternating oaks and Cape pines on either side; the rear of the little square was formed by the house walls, on which ivy and trailing vines festooned a graceful curtain, and in front opened a fair prospect of dimpling water, with glimpses of sail and steamer flitting across the cove towards the great wharf on the other side. In the garden, commanding the best view of the cove, was an arbour, in which was set a tiny table and a single chair. Here Doctor Morley always found, on his return from the hospital rounds, a tray with a steaming cup of fragrant coffee, and a plate of some little delicacy, now of one sort, and again of another, according as his housekeeper had opportunity to prepare, and always on the table was a little wicker basket containing the day's mail.

The housekeeper was this same quiet-eyed, healthful-faced young woman, Jane West by name, Jenny Wren as the doctor called her, the nearest approach to a jest that he was guilty of.

Doctor Morley had neither wife nor daughter, mother nor sister. Jane was his only female friend, for she was a friend, although she filled also a servant's place. No other being in the wide world knew so much of Doctor Morley's inner life, his true nature.

With the subtle keenness of deep affection, Jane could tell his moods by a single glance into his face. To say that she loved her master, would but inadequately express the passionate devotion and reverence with which she looked upon him. The very ground he trod, the merest trifle his hand touched, became hallowed in her eyes, and to insinuate that any other being in the wide world approached him in wisdom, professional attainment, or heroic self-abnegation, would have been sacrilege to the young woman's creed. And yet Jenny Wren did not gain her name from any likeness to the thoughtless sportiveness of the songster. If there was ever a sensible, matter-of-fact, young woman, that woman was Jane West. She wasted no time in ideal visions, but put her hands energetically to every practical work they found before them. And it was her peculiar elasticity of disposition, her ability to fling off fretting, and make the most of what light and joy could be found, that caused Doctor Morley to name her after the busy restless little wren.

This young woman's history was somewhat peculiar. One day, Doctor Morley, in going among the new patients, found a black-browed fellow lying in the hospital bed, groaning in agony, but refusing to receive any attentions from the nurse or doctor. The man seemed not only half-crazed with pain, but overwhelmed by some great mental trouble. He was a convict, a mason—and the wall of the building on which he had been at work had fallen in and carried him with it. Frightfully crushed and maimed, his recovery seemed the merest shadow of a chance, and the other doctors were discussing whether it was of any use to attempt amputation, when Doctor Morley appeared upon the scene. Without a single word of questioning, the doctor, in that cool, magnetic way of his, stepped up to the bed and examined the case thoroughly. The bright dilated eyes of the patient watched him narrowly, and the fierce imprecations were silenced.

"Sir," said the latter, tremulously, "what is the word?"

"A pretty hard one, my poor fellow," answered the doctor, in a sorrowful voice, "you must suffer terribly at all events."

"Never mind the pain, but can I hope to get over it? Oh, sir, if you would say that I might."

"But very few things are impossible, my man. In this I should say there are ten chances against you for one in your favour."

"And there is one, then? Oh, sir, heaven bless you!"

"It is a pitiful chance; don't build upon it. Ten against one. Are you willing to risk it?"

"Anything, anything, it will be bad enough at best, but I can do something with my hands, and poor little Jenny won't mind a cripple if she has his love. Oh, my little Jenny! there will be nobody to love her if I die. Her mother died this very year."

The cold drops stood on his forehead, his agony of mind beyond the torture of his body.

"My poor fellow tell me your story now, before we begin, just words enough for me to understand how I may help your child, if the need comes."

And then Doctor Morley listened to a pitiful story, common enough, too, alas! of how the man had been lured into wrong by the indulgence of strong drinks; how when maddened by the poison,

and under the pernicious influence of his evil companions, he had transgressed the laws, been discovered, tried, and sentenced to transportation. And his faithful wife had followed and kept as near as possible to him, her love, and the glimpses caught of his babe, had been his sole joy and comfort. And now the devoted wife was dead, and the child was left to his sole care. What would become of her if this thing should take him away? And again he groaned in agony.

Doctor Morley took the trembling hand in his.

"My poor fellow! rest easy, your child shall not suffer, nor want a good home, if she be unfortunate enough to lose her father too. Keep up as brave a heart as possible in order to help you through, and believe me that you shall have careful treatment. The rest is in heaven's hands."

The poor suffering creature clung to the cool, strong fingers.

"Doctor, doctor, you're a man to be trusted. You've taken the worst off my mind. Little Jenny will be cared for. Now I am ready for anything. Do what you have a mind to, doctor."

"You understand the risk—that it is ten against one. You wish the amputation to be tried?"

"Indeed sir, I do, and I will trust it all to you: It will be right for Jenny, either way."

And so it was. The man sank under the operation, and Jane West came to live in Doctor Morley's house. She had been there fifteen years now, and had grown up under his eye into this same staid, discreet, but bright-looking young woman. He had played with her at first, but in an awkward fashion, and he was thankful when her strengthening intellect allowed him to take her into his studies. It was her love for Doctor Morley which first induced her to enter the dry precincts of such researches as his, but soon she was fascinated and enthralled, and became an eager student for herself.

The doctor often secretly wondered at the aptitude and nerve she showed, not shrinking even from the first dissection he allowed her to witness. He took singular pleasure in assisting and directing her, playfully called her his young student, his embryo doctor. Living in their isolated way, it was natural that she should share a great deal of his confidence, that he should in a measure forget her sex, and converse upon graver and weightier themes than women are accustomed to. At first, he had, in a blind sort of fashion, tried to cut down and prune his thoughts and instruction into the lighter delicacy of diet supposed to be the only digestible one for women.

But after he came home one day and found that she had extracted a tooth, in her intense sympathy for a suffering child, and performed the—for a woman—heroic operation successfully and skillfully, he began to think less about it, so it was not long before he shared with her all his anxieties concerning his patients—allowed her to prepare his medicines, and deal out recipes even when he was absent. She held the patients who came to the house invariably, under whatever operation might have to be performed, and Doctor Morley, when he saw that, however intense her womanly sympathy was, her nerves never played her false, went so far as to carefully teach her how to set an arm, or tie up an artery in his own skilful fashion.

Jane West repaid all the kindness he had manifested to her after she grew to womanhood. When the old housekeeper died, she glided quietly into the place, and her loving service and watchful care made his home a blessed retreat for him. The whole study of her life, indeed, had been to please and spare him, to soothe away the pangs of an inward wound which she knew, because she was so quick to read his thoughts, never ceased its smarting night or day.

And all this is a digression, a look backward, for on the morning that I bring the reader to look at Doctor Morley's house, its owner lies in the so long-used state-parlour, and Jane West is sitting up in her chamber with her hands clasped tightly across her forehead, so numb and dazed by the sudden blow that she cannot shed a tear. The English colours on the hospital cupola, and the great flag at the governor's house, are at half-mast. The guard that go marching along the promenade under the Cape pines have craps fluttering from their arms, and more than one soul in Sydney mourns sincerely for a good man gone. He was found dead in his bed, a sweeter smile of restful peace on the cold lips than they had often known in life.

There is a brother of his who lives in Melbourne, but the two have had little in common. He has come now, and is in the room below with a lawyer. The distance of course precludes the possibility of summoning English relatives, and presently the gathering of friends assembled to pay the last honours will bear him to his final rest in an Australian grave.

Jane West from her window sees the knots of people approaching, and presently the guard, with

their crape-wreathed arms, walking slow and solemn before the hearse.

She shudders, and drops her white face into her hands.

They will take him away—her best friend, almost her only friend, and no one has bidden her to sit among the mourners.

"What need?" she asks, and looks up pitifully into the sky. "He already knows that her whole life is darkened, clad in mourning."

And so she sits there in her chamber, with bowed head, and wide tearless eyes, while the service proceeds. It is over at last, and the coffin is borne away. Still she sits there, numb and tearless. The muffled notes of the cathedral bell, tolling for the approach of the funeral train, came dully to her ears.

The volley, which gives notice that the sods are lying now upon that pulseless breast, makes her aware of what is passing there in the distant graveyard. Yet the dull apathetic look does not pass from her face; she only leans her head against the sill of the open window, and looks down into the garden.

Doctor Morley will never again enter the little arbour. There will be no more coffins for her to serve there. This beautiful life of hers has broken up suddenly enough. She only wonders that the pain does not make itself more perceptible. She asks herself vaguely if she is not hard-hearted and unfeeling that she cannot shed a tear, and then drops her head again to the window-sill, and pulls the curtains around her. An hour or two pass. There are returning carriages, and steps passing into the house, and presently two gentlemen pass out into the garden with cigars. The fine aroma rises up to her, but she does not stir until a scrap of the conversation below comes up to her. Then she lifts her head, and returning life flashes into it. They are talking about Doctor Morley and herself. Cruel—evil—satanic! How dare they insult the pure honour of the dead man, if they have no chivalrous compassion for a defenceless woman? She shudders as she hears the new heir's evil laugh and miserable jest. Is this a brother of Doctor Morley? Can brethren indeed be so widely dissimilar? Jane West clenches her hands, and looks down upon him through the veiling curtains. She takes interest now in looking at him. The face, with its cold eyes and greedy lips, and narrow forehead, bears its own condemnation. She turns her head again, and listens.

"This girl, you say, knew all his secrets. She shall just hand over the recipe for that cordial; no doubt she has made away with it to suit her own ends. She is keen enough to see there is a fortune in it."

"There is no question about that. I've told the doctor many a time he could make himself rich on that cordial, if he would only ask his price for it. But you know he has given it away, far and wide, for just the cost of making."

"He was an obstinate fool!" ejaculated the heir, angrily; "he ought to have left a snug fortune, and there is only this estate, and a poor pittance at the bank. I say he was a fool."

How Jane West's hazel eye glittered!

"But that cordial recipe will be a fortune. As I said before, I am willing to become equal partner in the business. And now, when he is dead, the demand will be greater than ever. They are not to know but he had a great quantity on hand. But I have searched thoroughly without finding the recipe among his papers."

"The girl knows. It's lucky for me he went off suddenly. I'll be bound he meant to make a will, and give her what there was. But we must bring her to terms. There's ways enough, and I swear I shan't scruple about the means I employ."

They continued talking, but they had moved on farther, and Jane lost the rest. But she had heard enough. All apathy and numbness had vanished now, the blood went tingling and burning through every vein. Her cheeks were scarlet, her eyes two blazing stars.

"Doctor Morley," murmured she, "now, I can prove my gratitude to you. I remember so well what you said to me; oh, I can hear your kind voice this very moment: 'Jenny Wren, I am going to teach you how to make this cordial. It is the result of years and years' close study, and as you know has proved itself to be the best thing yet offered, especially adapted to the ailments of this climate. I have kept the secret from all the rest, because I will not have it made a money-getting concern. You know how I hate fortunes made from the needs or ailments of others. I did not work over this, that it might be turned into pounds and shillings. I think it would haunt me in my grave, if it were made up, and sold like the quack nostrums. I can trust you, child, when I am gone. You will make it, as I have done, for the poor and wretched.' That

was what you said, Doctor Morley. You shall rest peacefully. If they kill me, they shall not wring the recipe from me. And there is something else, the secret I could never fathom, your great sorrow. I remember what you said so dearly once, as you laid your hand on the little sandal-wood box in the secret drawer of the secretaire. You said: 'Jenny Wren, this box of mine must be sent to the address of the little package within it, when I am gone. Don't let the lawyers or executors touch it, I give it into your charge.' Oh, how could I have forgotten it? I must snatch it from their grasp somehow. This mission I must accomplish, and then I must fly from Australia. I know that man as well as if I had lived years in his presence. He will hunt me down only for the sake of that recipe. And his vile slanders will poison my life. I will escape from him while yet I may."

She had scarcely composed herself, when a step approached her door, and a peremptory knock summoned her to open it.

The new owner was standing there, a thin veil of courtesy concealing his eagerness and indignation.

"I am sorry to disturb you, but we have been looking vainly for my brother's recipe for his famous cordial. There is a great demand for it just now, and it will be wise to keep up the supply. I presume you can tell us where to find it."

Jane West grew a little paler, but she looked him steadily in the eye.

"I am not aware that there has ever been such a recipe written down. I am quite sure that Doctor Morley took especial pains to keep it in his memory."

The heir glared at her savagely, though he still spoke smoothly.

"You know it, which is just as well. Please to write it down for me."

She stood grave and steady.

"I have nothing to write, sir. Doctor Morley was very careful to give everyone to understand that there was to be no manufacture of the cordial after his death."

"Do you mean to say that you do not know how it was compounded, what were the ingredients?"

Jane was silent.

"Answer me!" said he, fiercely, "do you know how the cordial was made?"

Grave and steady still was Jane West's reply.

"I do know, but I shall never tell you. Doctor Morley charged me to see that it was never made for money. And I shall keep my word to him."

A muttered oath burst from the heir; he looked a moment at the pale, resolute face, then whirled round suddenly, seized the key from the inside of the lock, and closing the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"We will see, young woman, if there be not a way to bring you to terms. You will find you are not dealing with Doctor Morley now," said he, from the outside, and then slowly descended the stairs.

Jane West went back and sat down by the window which was in the third story of a rear wing.

"Now," said she, "if I have any wit, it is the time for me to exercise it."

(To be continued.)

## THE WITCH FINDER.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

THUS taken captive by her powerful and remorseless enemy, Hester Waybrook made no movement towards self-defence. She arose silently, and stood before Boardbush pale and stricken with amazement, but she made no appeals to his mercy or forbearance.

The men designated took charge of the women assigned them. There was a momentary bustle and confusion, during which Hester found opportunity to whisper to Caratta:

"Follow us to the town and see where he takes us. Then go to Corporal Trueaxe, and let him know of our capture."

The Indian woman replied by a significant glance, the Witch Finder drawing the arm of the maiden through his own, and signalling his scout to precede him.

We will not dwell upon the journey back to the town.

The moon was hidden behind heavy clouds when at last the party entered the town, proceeding by lonely and obscure routes to the dwelling of Boardbush. All was dark and silent around them on every hand.

Boardbush gave the party admittance to the kitchen, closed the heavy board shutters, stirred up his fire, and lighted a candle.

"You must all stay here the rest of the night, boys," said their host and leader. "I've had so much

trouble to get my pretty prize here, that I don't mean to risk losing it. It's too late to get off in the sloop to-night, especially as the men are probably all scattered. To-morrow night we'll be off at an early hour. Till then stay here as guards to these women."

Boardbush went into an adjoining room—a capacious bedroom—kindled a fire, and then returned, informing his captives that they were at liberty to retire and rest after their fatigues.

The women acted upon the permission at once. They were sleepless and sorrowful, but they were glad to be rid, even temporarily, of the unwelcome presence of their gaolers.

At this moment, Boardbush and his men were startled by a sudden and low knocking upon the door. The knocking was precisely similar to that of the town-constable on the preceding night. The Witch Finder arose, unbarred the door, and gave admittance to the visitor.

The new comer was of middle age, sunburnt, ill-looking, and clad in a sailor's garb.

"Ruell!" ejaculated Boardbush, in astonishment. "You here!"

"Yes, I am here!" returned the sailor, with a hoarse laugh. "How are you all, boys?"

The men replied by welcoming him heartily.

"Come outside, Ruell," said his host, taking down his great coat and hat. "We can talk our secrets better in the open air. Boys, keep a watch on the next room!"

The Witch Finder led the way to the extremity of the Handle. The water lashed itself against the jagged rocks, at its base, with a fearful murmur, and the white foam of the waves gleamed through the gloom with a phosphorescent light.

"How came you here?" he asked, abruptly.

"I came in the ship *Pilgrim's Hope*," was the response.

"In the *Pilgrim's Hope*?"

"Yes; she's a splendid new vessel. She is lying outside the harbour at this moment waiting for daylight. I took a small boat and came ashore by myself. The Harbinger is outside too."

"The Harbinger off Salem harbour!" ejaculated Boardbush, in amazement. "I thought she was on some banks or other."

"She drifted out to a sand-bar off Nova Scotia," replied Ruell. "We were becalmed in that vicinity two days after Captain Ross and Mr. Waybrook left their ship, and the current drifted us towards the Harbinger. Our captain drew off the ship at high tide, and the two vessels have since kept pretty close company. I learned that Mr. Waybrook and Captain Ross had volunteered to come to Salem for assistance, immediately after their disaster had occurred, and as no one else was willing to undertake a five days' sail in an open boat, at this season, they set out on their journey. Have they arrived yet?"

"Curse them, yes!" answered the Witch Finder, savagely. "You're a pretty hand at keeping an agreement, Ruell. Didn't you swear to me Captain Ross should never return to Salem?"

"It's true I did!" answered Ruell, doggedly. "But I did not know who I had to deal with. I ran against Captain Ross and pitched him overboard on the voyage out, but he was rescued. I attempted the same game twice after that on the voyage, but he was ready for me both times."

"Well," said Boardbush, impatiently, "were there no other chances?"

"After reaching Liverpool, I hired some rough fellows, and one evening we attacked Captain Ross, when he was returning to the ship in company with Mr. Waybrook. The result was—instead of killing him, he nearly killed us. He had pistols and a club, and wounded me terribly. More than that, he recognized me, and called me by my name. I fled to avoid arrest, and dared not go back to the Harbinger."

The Witch Finder gave utterance to an angry oath, and said, hoarsely:

"So the Harbinger is off the harbour, in company with another. I suppose you have nothing more to say to me, Ruell?"

"Nothing more, except about the pay," replied the sailor. "You agreed to give me a hundred pounds in case I put Ross out of the way—"

"You did not put him out of the way, did you?" interrupted Boardbush, with a sneer.

"No, but I want the pay all the same. It wasn't my fault if I did not succeed. I tried my best. I must have the whole hundred pounds!"

"I shall not give it to you!" declared the Witch Finder.

"Take care!" he hissed. "I can tell the whole story, and make Salem too hot to hold you. Everybody knows I was an honest man till I met you."

"You are welcome to tell it," said the Witch Finder, coolly. "After to-morrow I shall not be in Salem!"

"I will go to Judge Stoughton now, to-night, with

the whole story!" exclaimed Ruell, fiercely. "I give you a last chance. Will you pay me what I ask?"

"No!"

At that moment the Witch Finder hurled himself upon him with such force as to throw him headlong over the cliff.

"That is the way I pay unpleasant debts," shouted Boardbush, wiping his brows, and looking down over the cliff.

No sound came up from below, save the moaning murmur of the waves.

He waited until all signs of emotion had left his features, and then slowly returned to his dwelling.

"Ruell's gone home, boys," he said, as the men looked up sleepily at his entrance. "It will soon be light now. You may all go to sleep, if you want to. I'll keep watch."

The morning light soon began creeping in through the windows. As soon as the day had fairly broken, the Witch Finder began to busy himself about his housekeeping duties.

Soon after nine he aroused his men, and announced his intention of going out in search of news.

"I'll take a turn down by the sloop," he said, "and give the men their orders for to-night. There are a few more provisions to be bought. I want plenty of stores, you know. The few things I've got here, you can take down this evening, among you."

"Are the two old women to go on the sloop?" asked one of the men.

"No. The only woman that goes with us is Hester Waybrook," answered Boardbush. "She'll make trouble enough, I fancy."

He proceeded to attire himself to go out.

He had scarcely gained the outer apartment when there came a loud knock upon the door. Before he could advance to open it, it was opened from without, and Judge Stoughton, the town-constable, Corporal Trueaxe, and the Indian woman Caratta marched solemnly into the room.

The Witch Finder regarded the intruders in amazement.

The judge nodded, and said, in his slow and pompous tones:

"I understand, Mr. Boardbush, from Corporal Trueaxe and this Indian woman, that the alleged witches, Mistress Peabody, Mistress Waybrook, and Mistress Hester Waybrook, her daughter, are at this moment in your house. Is this so?"

Boardbush was struck dumb. He glanced at Caratta and Trueaxe helplessly.

"It is so!" affirmed the Indian. "I saw him fetch the women here this morning before daybreak."

"It is so!" declared Trueaxe, looking at Boardbush in return.

"Peace! Peace!" said the judge, impatiently. "If the girl be here she must be taken to prison. She shall have a fair trial. Is she here?"

The Witch Finder would have denied Hester's presence in his house, but at this juncture the door of the bedroom opened, and the three captives made their appearance.

"Here we are, judge!" said Hester, quietly. "Let us be taken to prison. It is all we ask. Better a shameful death than a life of torture!"

Judge Stoughton regarded the dauntless Hester with astonishment as she stood before him, pale, resolute, and self-possessed. Trueaxe and Caratta looked at her in pitying admiration. Boardbush glanced upon her, his mind in a state of stupefaction.

"Let them be taken at once," commanded the judge.

"The woman Peabody is a fugitive from justice. Let her be shut up with her friends."

The constable accompanied his prisoners to the threshold of the bedroom, waiting until they had put on their cloaks and hoods.

The Witch Finder, still struggling with a terrible rage, that tore at his heart like a wild beast, assumed a look of calmness and frankness, and said:

"It becomes me to explain, Judge Stoughton, why these women are under my roof. I searched for them, in aid of the constable, and discovered them at an early hour this morning, hidden in a cavern of the woods, in company with the Indian woman yonder. I brought the three fugitives directly to my dwelling, instead of delivering them up to justice, partly because of the unseasonableness of the hour, and partly because the maiden has bewitched me with her charms. When she is near me, I am ready to give up everything to have her continual presence. When she is away from me, I almost hate her."

"Clearly she has bewitched him," said the constable, superstitiously.

The judge looked puzzled.

Hester Waybrook, with her mother, will be examined to-morrow on the charge of witchcraft. If you have any evidence bearing on the case, Mr. Boardbush, you will deliver it in the court-room."

The constable took charge of Mrs. Waybrook, Mistress Peabody, and Hester.

The prisoners were marched steadily on until they had gained the market-place, but here their farther course was blocked by a throng of people, who set up a wild shout at sight of Hester.

In the midst of the market-place were several bundles of faggots, and beside them stood a fierce-browed man with a lighted torch—a man whose child lay at the point of death.

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live!" shouted this fanatic, brandishing his torch in the air.

"Let her be tried by fire!" echoed a man whose cow had died. "Let us have no witches to cumber the earth!"

The two cries rang through the throng, finding echoes here and there. There were gentle, sympathizing hearts among the crowd, as well as angry ones, but their possessors did not dare to give even an encouraging look to the prisoners, lest they should share their fate.

"The test! the test!" shouted a score of voices. "Let the Witch Finder try her and see if she be a witch!"

The man beside the faggots, carried away by the excitement of the moment, touched the light wood with his torch. It began immediately to flame up fiercely.

The Witch Finder, almost beside himself, tore up the maiden's sleeve, exposing her round, white arm to the chilling cold. In the struggle Hester's hood came off, and her long, dark hair streamed over her shoulders in wild disorder.

At this juncture a wild shriek came from Mrs. Waybrook, who strove to release herself from the grasp of the constable.

"Oh, my child! my child!" she wailed, in her anguish. "She is as pure and innocent as the unborn babe. Do not let that bad man sacrifice her! Save her—save my child!"

Corporal Trueaxe and the Indian woman endeavoured to gain Hester's side, but two of the friends of Boardbush held them back.

The Witch Finder took from his pocket, and then from a case, a slender instrument eight or ten inches in length, which was provided at the extremity with a long brass pin.

This instrument afforded the favourite test of alleged witches. Its mode of application was as follows: the instrument was pressed against the arm of a suspected person. If it drew blood she was deemed innocent; if blood, however, failed to follow the insertion of the pin, she was deemed a witch, and punished accordingly.

The Witch Finder examined it slowly and carefully, as if to assure himself that it was in order. He knew well that the application of the test, at such a time, at the instigation of a reckless mob, was a very irregular proceeding, but the passion actuating the mob swelled also within his breast with added fury and rage.

Lifting her bare white arm into full view, he pressed upon it, apparently with all his force, the slender, sharp-pointed instrument.

The Witch Finder kept the instrument in its place a moment, then withdrew it.

He stared at the arm an instant, then shouted: "The blood fails to run! She is a witch!"

The cry was echoed through the crowd.

The people thronged around the maiden, and beheld her fair, white arm uninjured. There was no fleck of blood on the snowy surface—nothing save the mark of the pressure of the test-instrument.

"The blood fails to run! She is a witch!" repeated the mob, carried away by excitement and passion.

"Let her die now!" shouted the man who had lighted the faggots, stirring them with his feet. "She has been tried and found guilty. We must not suffer her to live!"

"Your fate has come upon you," said Boardbush, with gloomy exultation. "You must die, and now!"

There was a stir among his followers—a stake was being brought for the consummation of the awful sacrifice. Mrs. Waybrook shrieked, prayed, and wept. Mrs. Peabody implored the people to rescue Hester. Corporal Trueaxe fought his self-constituted guards savagely, but they closed around him, holding him in grasps like vices.

The fury of the mob swept everything before it. The stake was set up in the midst of the market-place, ropes were brought to tie the helpless victim to it, and fresh faggots were procured in great quantities.

Everything was ready for the sacrifice—even the victim.

Pale as a statue, Hester stood, her eyes upturned to heaven in prayer, her soul calm and composed. She was ready and willing to die—glad even to escape from the cruel persecution of her enemies.

Boardbush caught up the ropes, determined that his hand, which she had so often contemptuously rejected, should hurry her to her doom.

He drew her nearer to the stake—a man stood by with a second torch—and all was breathless expectation.

Suddenly a cry, thrilling and electric, rang through the crowd.

"The Harbinger! The Harbinger!"

Every eye was turned towards the bay, momentarily forgetful of Hester.

They beheld sweeping up the bay, approaching the town, two stately vessels, with flags flying, and decks crowded with people.

"The Harbinger has come!" shouted the mob, their excitement taking a new turn.

The arrival of a ship in those days was a memorable event. Relatives and friends were expected, luxuries and comforts were looked for, and news from the mother country was eagerly craved.

In a few moments the market-place was almost deserted. The fire had been trampled out by the pressure of many feet, and the ropes lay scattered in every direction.

The Witch Finder, the constable, Mrs. Peabody's guard, and one or two others, remained beside the prisoners, uncertain what to do.

Their uncertainty was not of long duration. They had begun to realize that they could not go on with the unauthorized execution, and were debating whether they had better go to the prison, or make an effort to escape with Hester, when Judge Stoughton came up, accompanied by two or three town-constables.

"Escort these women to the prison!" he commanded. "There will be no interference now from the people. Hasten!"

With their additional escort, Boardbush and the others took their prisoners away, not leaving them until he had seen them safely consigned to a cell, and had looked at them exultantly through the bars of a grating.

"They will be examined to-morrow," he said, with a suppressed chuckle. "If I can't have her, no one but Death shall!"

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

TEMPERANCE STOUGHTON had scarcely gained the kitchen, after leaving Philip in the care of old Lettis, when she heard a soft and peculiar knock upon the rear door. Hastening to the entrance she found, as she expected, two rough-looking men. They were men whom she had engaged to act as guards to her captive, and they had come to enter upon the performance of their duties.

She welcomed them cordially, and conducted them up-stairs to the room which had been assigned to the prisoner. Philip looked up wearily at their entrance, but the looks of the two men were so forbidding that he quickly turned his gaze from them.

"Come, Lettis," said Temperance. "I shall do nothing more to-night for Captain Ross. These men will look after his wants!"

It was little care he received, however. Philip was assisted to the bed, and the two men then talked, drank and dozed the night away. Philip slept too, his weakness, exhaustion and great anxieties demanding a perfect physical and mental rest.

In the morning the prisoner stirred restlessly.

"Just in time for breakfast, Captain Ross," said one of the men.

"Help me up," said Philip, upon whose limbs the fetters still remained.

The man assented, lifting the prisoner from the bed to a deep-seated, high-backed chair near the warm chimney.

Philip ate his breakfast in silence, and then endeavoured to begin a conversation with his two gaolers. They were ready enough to converse, their frequent potatoes having unloosed their tongues, but they were deaf to all his pleadings, bribes, and threatening, refusing upon any terms to set him at liberty.

"No, no, we know what our interests are," said one, touching his neck, significantly. "We belong to a company that knows no such thing as treachery. Miss Stoughton and Boardbush are good enough pay for us, and, most likely, they'll give us more paying work. We're satisfied with things as they are."

The day passed without incident. Miss Stoughton, accompanied by Lettis, came late in the evening to visit their prisoner, but Philip was so cold and contemptuous in his demeanour towards his gaolers, as to considerably cool the ardour of her passion for him.

"He never can be tamed, Lettis," said Temperance, as she went down the stairs, slowly. "I cannot carry him off, as Boardbush intends to carry off Hester Waybrook, in a sloop. It only remains to ruin his mind by drugs and marry him in spite of himself. I will not leave enough intellect in him to object to the marriage!"

The night and the next day passed wearily to the captive. His fears as to Hester's safety grew upon him with every hour. As he became rested from his fatigues, he chafed at his compelled inaction.

Night came again—the same night that beheld the capture of the three fugitives.

Philip Ross sat in his chair near the chimney, facing the door. His two guardians sat near him in moody silence, their supply of liquors having run out in the afternoon. A candle burned dimly upon the table, disclosing the shadows that lurked in the corners.

The hour was late when Temperance Stoughton, attended by Lettis, knocked softly upon the rear door of the dwelling. One of the men went down to admit her at once. She made her way into the warm kitchen, removed her shawl, procured a couple of tumblers from a cupboard, and slowly ascended the stairs.

"You look cold. Men, have you any liquor in the house?"

One of the men growled a negative.

"How fortunate that I brought a bottle of rum with me!" exclaimed the woman, taking a bottle from her pocket as she spoke. "I'll pour out a glass for Philip, and you two may divide a glass between you."

She moved towards a small pine table that stood near the door communicating with the front chamber. She had already deposited her tumblers upon it. She drew out the cork from the bottle, dallying with it while she cast a quick, furtive glance around her.

The two men were seated so that their backs were turned to her. Philip's face was turned towards the door opening into the adjoining room, and he was regarding it earnestly, it being ajar. It mattered not which way Lettis looked, yet she had also turned her back, and was conversing with the two men.

Thus favoured by circumstances, Temperance drew a phial from her bosom, the same she had placed there in the morning succeeding Philip's escape from Lettis's hut, uncorked it quickly, and shook a portion of its contents into one of the tumblers, then restored the phial to its hiding-place.

The operation had been so dexterously performed that Philip did not even notice anything unusual in her movements or delay.

Temperance then filled each glass to the brim, and leaving them, walked towards the captive with a genuine and growing good-humour depicted on her face.

"You will take a little liquor to warm you, won't you, Philip?" she said, persuasively. "I am afraid you will get chills and fever in this horrid room."

"I don't care if I have a little something to drink," responded Philip, who was really chilled to the bone, more from want of food to keep up the inward heat, than from the temperature of the apartment. "I don't know whether it will be safe for me to drink your preparations, though."

Temperance flushed strangely, and replied:

"If you doubt me, I will prove my sincerity by drinking with you. Lettis, run down and get a third tumbler."

During that brief delay a singular incident occurred, of which Philip was the only witness.

A figure appeared at the half-open door between the two chambers, and an arm, draped in scarlet, appeared through the aperture, was reached out softly, and quickly changed the two glasses.

A long, bony figure was then uplifted in warning to Philip, and the figure vanished like mist.

Philip comprehended the meaning of the act at once, and his heart arose in gratitude to his unknown preserver.

Quite unaware of the trick that had been played upon her, Temperance brought Philip the glass of liquor that was not drugged, gave the drugged rum to the two men, and filled a glass for herself and Lettis, exhausting the bottle.

Philip drank a part of his without hesitation, quite mindful of the growing exultation of Temperance.

"Lettis and I will go down to prepare supper for all three of you. Keep watch of the prisoner, men. If he should go to sleep soon, let me know."

The men assented, and the two women descended to the kitchen.

Meanwhile, Philip sat in his chair full of expectancy, watching the door, at which he had beheld the apparition, alternately with the men. The figure did not appear again, but the guards soon began to manifest a strange drowsiness, rubbed their eyes, and finally dropped off into deep slumbers.

They had scarcely become lost to consciousness, when the door of the inner room was pushed open.

A thin, old woman, haggard and wan, entered. Her person was completely enveloped in a great scarlet cloak, which was ample for purposes of warmth.

Philip recognized her in an instant as Mistress

Stark, an estimable woman with whom he had formerly been well acquainted.

She put up her finger, enjoining silence, and came rapidly forward, with an open pocket-knife in her hand. In an instant she had severed the last bonds that fettered his limbs, and assisted him to his feet.

"Can you walk?" she asked.

Philip essayed to do so, tottered at first, then answered in the affirmative.

"Good! Here are your coat and hat."

With muffled feet and noiseless movements, the fugitives moved towards the stairs. They knew that Temperance was in the kitchen, and that their lives depended upon their caution. They descended the stairs softly, protected by the bustling of Lettis at her culinary tasks, and gained the lower entry.

Philip was trembling with excitement, and became so suddenly weak that he was obliged to lean against the wall for support.

"We are not safe yet, Captain Rosa," she whispered, drawing his arm through her own. "We may meet Boardbush. Temperance may discover our absence and send men after us. Where shall we go? The deserted houses are no longer safe. I have no friends—"

Philip did not even think of his father's house as a refuge. His mind turned instinctively towards the steeples of the church, where he believed Hester to be hiding. He named that place of refuge, adding:

"I can get in through the vestry window. I did that more than once when I was a boy. We shall find Hester, her mother, and Mistress Peabody in the loft. I have had news for them—heaven help them!" and he groaned as he thought of the supposed fate of the husband and father.

They proceeded to the church, entered it after some difficulty, and ascended to the loft. It was then dark and silent. Philip called the name of Hester, first softly, then quickly, then in a frightened tone.

Still no answer.

Mistress Stark carried materials for a light in her pocket. She rubbed a flint and a bit of steel together, igniting a piece of tinder, and by its light they saw that the loft was deserted.

"Gone! Gone!" moaned Philip. "She is in the power of Boardbush! She has been carried away! Oh, Hester! Hester!"

With that name on his lips, he succumbed to the fatigues and anxieties he had so long withstood, and fell in a swoon at the feet of his companion.

(To be continued.)

## MICHEL-DEVER.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

MR. WILLARD extended one of his long, thin fingers, and pointing to his newly-made son-in-law, with an effort said:

"My daughter, you would have it so, but—the future—will prove—that—you have now—a barren lot, I fear. Kiss me, Agnes, and remember that I have only done what you wished, in the hope that I was securing your happiness."

"I shall remember it, father, and I shall always be grateful."

A faint convulsion passed over the face of the dying man, and murmuring, "I trust in heaven you will have cause for gratitude, but I fear—I fear for the result of this day's work," he sank back quite insensible.

Vain were all the efforts of his physician to restore consciousness, and at the end of an hour he took his leave, saying that he would return again towards evening. Before he came back, the spirit had passed away, and the room was left to the silent watchers by the dead, while the bereaved daughter wept away her sorrow on the breast of her strangely wedded husband.

In those hours of affliction, Thorne could not refuse to be tender towards her, and Agnes deluded herself with the belief that he really cared for her; that the task of winning him to prefer herself above all others, would not be so difficult after all.

Alas! if she could have looked into the rebellious heart that beat so near hers, she would have shrunk away and buried her face in the dust of humiliation and despair. It had been her will to bind this man to her with bonds he was powerless to break, and she had never dreamed that to herself they might in the future become as intolerable a burden as they were to him in these first hours of their precipitate union.

There was nothing grand, or self-sacrificing in the nature of the man Agnes had made the master of her fate, and he was ficed to put strong constraint upon himself to conceal his repulsion, and make such efforts as were necessary to soothe the hysterical grief with which she mourned over her father's loss.

The last words of Mr. Willard, "my child, you would have it so," had fatally enlightened him as to whose will had entrapped him into this sudden marriage, and a feeling of bitter resentment and disgust was aroused within him. Even while he held Agnes clasped to his breast, he said to himself:

"She knew all, and in defiance of every womanly feeling, she has, in a manner, compelled me to become her husband. If she had waited—had given me time to forget that stricken creature I have been forced to desert, her old influence might have brought me back to my allegiance to herself. But she feared the result—her pride shrank from being left to wear the willow, and she has consummated her own wretchedness, and mine. Oh, Agnes, if you could only understand what you have done."

The long watching beside her father's sick bed had completely prostrated the strength of the poor bride, and she needed constant care and attention. She turned to Thorne so helplessly, appealed to him so sweetly and gently for kindness, that he would have felt himself a brute, if he had then betrayed what was passing in his heart.

He soothed and comforted her as far as lay in his power, and in spite of his bitter resentment for the course he believed she had pursued, he was flattered, and at moments attracted by the tenderness with which she clung to him, seeming to find in his presence consolation for the loss she had sustained:

He soon found it impossible to remain insensible to the pangs of affection Agnes lavished upon him; and gradually a self-complacent feeling stole over him.

He felt it very pleasant to be set up as an idol—to be worshipped by one so superior to himself as his father had made him believe Agnes to be. But for that mistake on the part of Colonel Thorne, Walter might long since have become tenderly attached to the girl his father had chosen for his wife; but, like all weak men, he recoiled from the thought of claiming as his own a woman who would perpetually throw him in the shade, and probably rule him by the royal right of superior intellect.

He saw with intense satisfaction that Agnes only sought to win her way to his heart, to place him always in the foreground, and render to him the loving submission due from a tender wife to her liege lord.

The funeral was over, and still the young pair lingered with Mrs. Ralston. Thorne did not wish to return to London yet, and Agnes had no desire to make a bridal tour so soon after her father's death. Her tranquillity returned, and she devoted herself to the object she had most at heart—the winning of her husband's tenderest love.

As the weeks flowed on, his feeling towards her began to soften, and he almost forgave her for the hurried marriage he had been forced to make. With his usual facility Walter Thorne was becoming reconciled to the state of affairs, which he had so lately believed to be insupportable to him.

It was only when he recalled that other honeymoon so like a dream of heaven, which he had enjoyed with the brilliant being whose companionship made the hours fly so quickly, that he felt how faded and commonplace was this one beside it. But he resolutely put from him all such memories; the broken life, the embittered heart of the forsaken one, he believed could be consoled by the gift of money, and he silenced the self-accusing spirit which would sometimes make itself heard. It was natural that he should think pecuniary compensation would be a sufficient atonement to Claire, for had he not surrendered himself to his father's will for a price? And neither from Colonel Thorne nor Miss Digby had come any intimation that his forsaken wife had refused the annuity offered her.

On hearing of the late marriage, his father wrote and invited him and Agnes to return at once to Thornhill, and take up their abode with him. When Agnes heard of this proposal, she gently asked:

"Would you prefer living with your father to a residence at Willow Glen?"

Thorne shrugged his shoulders:

"It is not what I prefer, but what my father wishes, that concerns us. He is tired of living alone; he might find a wife for himself, if he were not so obstinately bent on marrying a woman who will never accept him. I really think his wooing is the most absurd proceeding that a sensible man was ever guilty of. However, let us think what we may about a home of our own, my father has signified his pleasure, and there is nothing for us but to accept the one he offers. In a few more months he must take possession of the gubernatorial mansion, and we shall then have Thornhill to ourselves."

Agnes smiled faintly as she replied:

"Perhaps Miss Digby will lend a more favourable ear to Colonel Thorne's proposals."

"No; there is no hope of that. What happened this autumn set her more completely against him. If

Ada would have yielded her consent to marry him, she would have done it to purchase for me—"

Thorne had spoken thus far without thought, but suddenly the whole import of his words flashed upon him, and he looked curiously at Agnes to see what effect they had produced. She was listening intently, but with no apparent discomposure, and he marvelled at her self-command. She asked in the same even tone:

"What was the bribe offered by Colonel Thorne to win her for his wife? I am curious to know—it must have been a strange scene."

"I dare say it was; but as I did not witness it, I cannot describe it. Do you really mean what you say, Agnes? Are you not fully aware of all that occurred this autumn, in which I was implicated?"

She looked up half-startled, and hurriedly asked:

"What was it, Walter. I know nothing of what you refer to. I was too much taken up with the fluctuations of my father's illness to pay much attention to anything else, and no one ever wrote to me from I—except Colonel Thorne. He was not likely to tell anything to your disadvantage, Walter; nor could it have been a very serious scrape, since you extricated yourself from it so easily."

He looked keenly and doubtfully at the fair face of the speaker, but he saw nothing in its expression to induce him to doubt the truth of her words. He knew now that his suspicions had done her injustice, and the knowledge of that summer folly had yet to be made known to her. He laughed in an embarrassed manner, and lightly said:

"You will not catch me telling tales of myself, my lady. I thought you knew all about it, or I should not have referred to the affair at all."

"Why not tell me of it now, Walter, for I must sooner or later know all its details. Whatever concerns you, I am bound to inquire into, you know."

A slight frown crossed his brow, and he almost brusquely said:

"The less you know about this, the better for yourself, Agnes. I would not advise you to make any inquiry into that foolish affair, if you prize the peace that now exists between us."

A vivid flush mantled her cheeks, but she repressed the words that arose to her lips; she possessed a haughty temper, and was little used to rough language.

"As you please," she simply said, and turned away without another word; but she was not the less determined to make the inquiries he seemed so nervously to deprecate.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

AGNES no sooner found herself alone than she set down to write to the only friend she possessed in L— on whom she could rely for a truthful and candid history of what her husband had refused to tell her.

She had a vague feeling that both her honour and happiness were in some way concerned in this mystery, and she was resolved to probe it to its very depths, before she returned to the town in which the event referred to by Thorne had occurred.

She awaited the arrival of the answer, with a keen anxiety proportioned for her love to the man to whom she had given her hand. When at last came, she tore open the envelope and read the following lines from Ada Digby:

"L—, January 15th, 18—"

"MY DEAR AGNES,—You have asked of me a very painful service, and my reply to your questions can only give the deepest pain to yourself, yet I cannot refuse to answer them."

"I am aware that Walter is now your husband, and if it were possible to keep from you all knowledge of the event which has formed the gossip of this place for the last three months, I would gladly do so. But you are coming hither to take up your abode, I understand, and what must then inevitably become known to you, had better be told by a friend before you arrive."

"Walter should have made his own confession, and obtained your forgiveness; perhaps he would have done so, but for the suddenness of your marriage. The facts are these:

"During his summer tour, Walter unfortunately met with a very attractive young girl, a child in years, and eloped with her from the home of her adopted mother. A clergyman united them, but no witnesses were present, and there was nothing to prove the marriage."

"Colonel Thorne took advantage of these facts to have it set aside; he refused to receive the young girl as his son's wife, and sent her from his house when Walter took her there. He brought her to me, and she is still under my protection, though she insists on leaving in a short time, to return to the friend from whom she so imprudently ran away."

"I have stated as briefly as possible what you wished to know, and now, my dear Agnes, receive patiently a few words of advice from one so much your senior in years, and one who is deeply interested in your happiness.

"I trust that the great affection you have so long cherished for your husband will enable you to forgive his temporary inconstancy. He is irrevocably separated from the object of his passing fancy, and she is so utterly disenchanted with him that I believe she has ceased to feel anything but resentment towards him. I think she will in time recover from the blow his desertion gave her, and find a happier lot than hers could have been with the man who was willing to give her up at the command of his father.

"The adoring love you have so long lavished on Walter, gives me the hope that you can forgive even this wrong, and be happy with him in spite of his ephemeral fancy for another. I would have written to you of what was going on here, had I thought that you would listen to any accusation brought against him; but I believed, that in the blindness of your attachment to Walter, you would cling to him in spite of the entanglement, from which Colonel Thorne was so resolute to free him. I regret now that I did not do so, as you would then at least have had a choice of action.

"Now you are Walter Thorne's wife, but one course remains to you, to forgive, and forget the brief inconstancy of which your husband was guilty. The future is your own, and with your charms of person, and mind, you cannot fail to keep the heart you prize so highly, true to yourself. Your attached friend.

ADA DRYDEN.

As Agnes read, every shade of colour fled from her features, and when the last line was reached, she fell down as if dead. She was alone, and how long she lay insensible she did not know. When she regained consciousness, it was several moments before she could recall her scattered senses, or realize the blow that had fallen on her.

Agnes Thorne was a woman of strong passions, and keen resentments: proud, too, as Lucifer, and the thought of the humiliation of her position was almost as maddening to her as was the shock to her affections. In those moments all the passionate love she had given her husband seemed turned to bitterness. He had secretly wedded her rival, and even taken her to his father's house in the hope that she would be acknowledged as his wife.

And then, like the craven he was, he had given her up, because he dared not face the poverty with which she instinctively knew his father had threatened him. To save his inheritance, Walter Thorne had basely sacrificed one woman, and as basely wedded another. He believed her rich, too, and the iron entered her soul at the thought that her supposed fortune had influenced him to make her his wife. The white lips muttered:

"He will be disappointed in that, for the wreck left from my father's estate is a mere pittance, and it is secured to me in such a manner that he cannot touch it. He should not now have a penny of it, even if that hard old man were to cast him out to beggary. Oh, Walter! Walter! to think how kindly, how unselfishly I have loved you, and you could make me no better return than this!

"Married—divorced—remarried, all in the space of a few fleeting months! and I—I to be humiliated, pointed at as the wife accepted at his father's hands, while the one he preferred to me is remorselessly cast out to break her heart, or to harden it, till hate take the place of the wild passion she must have felt for him to forsake her home, her friends, everything for his sake."

Her passion of anger and wounded pride unfortunately had not time to exhaust itself before Thorne came in looking animated and happy, carrying in his hand a bouquet of hothouse flowers which he had taken great pains to select for her himself.

Agnes heard his step bounding up the stairs; that step which of late had been the music of her life, but now it only caused her heart to contract painfully, and brought a gleam of fire into her light blue eyes that might well have startled him. She arose pale, and defiant, from the seat on which she had cast herself, and stood facing the door, grasping Miss Digby's letter in her hand.

As Thorne entered the apartment, he gaily said: "See, Agnes, what lovely flowers I have brought you; heliotrope, roses, japonicas, all your favourites are here; but it is expensive to gratify a taste for exotics at this season, I can tell you. But I shall not care for that, if they please you."

She snatched the bouquet from his hand, threw it upon the floor, and trampled it under her feet. For a moment her husband regarded her with stupefied astonishment; then a flush of anger mounted even to his brow, and he spoke between his half-closed teeth:

"Madam, what does this mean? Have you lost your senses, that you treat thus the costly flowers I have selected, thinking they would afford you pleasure?"

In tones of cutting scorn Agnes replied:

"It means that from your hand no gift will ever again be prized by me. It means that henceforth there can be neither love nor trust between us, though we are unfortunately bound together for life. Read that letter, Walter Thorne, and see for yourself what I have learned to-day. Oh! had I but known of your treachery in time, you would have been spared accepting the hand you have tainted by your false touch. You would have been free to reclaim the bride you chose in preference to me, yet had not the manhood to cling to, when your father bade you give her up, or fortune. I know not which is most unfortunate, the girl who so fatally trusted you, or the unhappy one who now stands to you in the relation of wife."

Overwhelmed by this passionate torrent of words, Thorne stood for a few moments, looking amazed and indignant. He then stooped and took up the letter she had disdainfully thrown towards him. He glanced down the page, understood the nature of its contents, and a dangerous glare came into his dark eyes as he raised them to the pallid face that confronted him. But the steel-blue orbs that met his did not quail before the lurid fire of his glance. Agnes was too indignant, and far too deeply outraged at this moment, to think of, or care for, the consequences of a rupture between them.

"I warned you," he hoarsely said, "yet you have dared to pry into that almost forgotten folly. The girl referred to in this precious missive, is nothing to me now, and we should never have been silly enough to fancy that we could be all in all to each other. Have I not put her aside? Have I not married you, and does not that assure you that, as Ada says, my love for her was but a passing fancy? Come, Agnes; be reasonable, you have carried your point; you would marry me, for your father said as much almost with his dying breath, and now you are ready to quarrel with me for a thing that has been repented of long ago."

With a disdainful movement, she haughtily said:

"You dare to taunt me with the hurried union into which we so unhappily rushed, and I presume you imagine that I insisted upon it to secure so precious a possession as yourself. But you are mistaken. I did suggest to my father that our marriage should be solemnized before his death, but it was to lift from his heart a weight that pressed heavily upon it. He had lived beyond his income; he knew that he was ruined, and all that was left of his fortune was our home in London, which is deeply mortgaged, and a few thousand pounds he has managed to secure to me. I believed then, that to yourself, and your father, the loss of my fortune would be of little importance; so far as Colonel Thorne is concerned I still think so; but what am I to think of you, when you surrendered your first wife at his command, because you feared disinheritance?"

The face of Thorne underwent a marked change as Agnes made this unexpected statement. It was certainly a severe blow to him, for he had looked forward to complete independence of his exacting father, through the fortune he expected to gain with her hand. Unconsciously to himself this anticipation had enabled him to yield to the force brought to bear upon him—with a better grace than he would otherwise have found possible.

He sullenly replied:

"Your estimate of yourself is but just. I would never have married you, if I had known this. If I must have taken a dowryless bride, I would at least have clung to the woman I preferred above every other. I loved Claire; I tolerate you."

With a sudden, and most expressive motion, Agnes clasped her hands over her rapidly-beating heart, but she haughtily replied:

"For once I hear the truth from your lips, Walter Thorne, and I believe it is for the first time. False, craven, interested in your motives, what is there to admire, or respect in such a man as you? What is left on which to build a hope of faith, or trust in the future? Yet—yet—it is my misfortune to be your wife!"

He threw himself upon a chair, and laughed mockingly:

"Upon my word, this is a rare scene with which to treat the man you proposed to win to love you. That was your expectation in marrying me, wasn't it? To that I owe the pretty submission you have hitherto shown me; the graceful blandishments you have lavished upon me? Come, madam, resume the marital yoke, and learn to play the part of the demure Griselda; it is more becoming to your position than these tragedy-queen airs. You have made me your master, and in spite of the intellectual supe-

riority you assume, I intend to prove to you that I will maintain the authority you have given me as the ruler of your fate."

If lightning from the eye could kill, he would have been scathed by the glance that quickly traversed his person. Agnes drew up her stately figure to its utmost height, and scornfully retorted:

"Before I submit to be ruled by such a man as you, all the fire of my nature will be crushed out, every impulse of my soul deadened. No—I will never become the slave of any man; certainly not of one who has forfeited every claim on my respect, or esteem. Go back, and take to your false heart the one for whom you avow a preference. She may bend before you, but I will defy you to the bitter end. I loved you madly, stupidly; but that phase is over. I will never forgive you for the insult you have put upon me. You broke your faith to me; doubly broke it to her you have so cruelly forsaken. You have placed me in a position I abhor above all others; that of wife to a man who has another living claimant on that sacred name. Her claims are superior to mine, for the law of heaven emphatically says, 'whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'"

Again Thorne uttered that mocking laugh which grated on her heart, and drove her almost to frenzy.

"That law is obsolete, my fair tigress. Men have made better ones for themselves, and my father was sharp enough to make sure that I was freed from my first bonds, before I came hither to assume new ones, in such a hurry that I had no time to remonstrate. Haughty and defiant as you are, you will yet find it your best policy to bend your proud neck, and accept the fate you were so eager to make certain. If you had left me a loophole of escape, I would have availed myself of it, and left you half broken-hearted at losing my precious self. But you would not—you hurried me into bondage, under such painful circumstances, that I was debarred from uttering any protest; and, in spite of the fury into which you have worked yourself, I am not so sure that the history of the divorce had not reached you before our union took place. What L—rang with for weeks, could hardly escape being told to one so deeply interested in it, by some of your correspondents, though you find it to your interest to pretend ignorance now."

If anything could have added to the storm of indignation and insult raging in the heart of Agnes, this last taunting assertion was calculated to do so. Thorne had thrown down the gage of battle, and she promptly accepted it. She seemed suddenly to harden into marble, and with the coldest scorn replied:

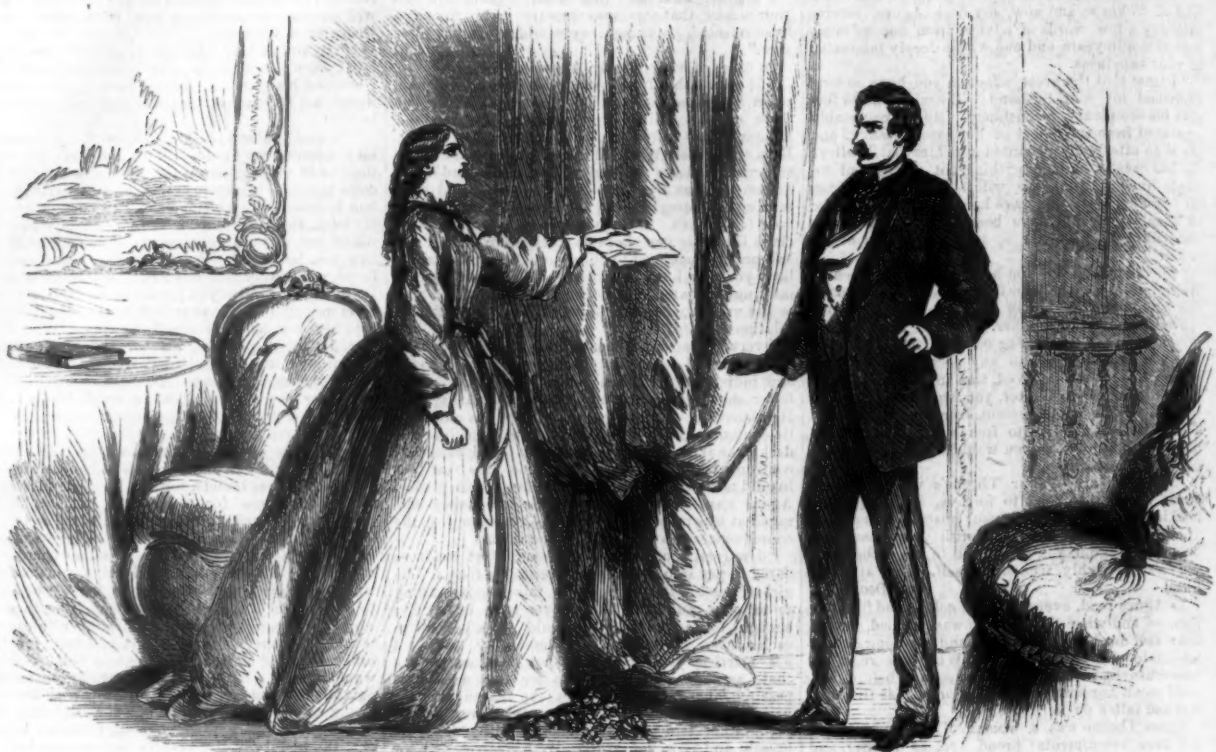
"It is worthy of you to speak thus—to utter a suspicion as degrading to me as it is flattering to your own vanity. I have stated the truth; believe it or not, as you may choose. But if I had been aware of your previous marriage—of the heartless treatment that hapless girl received at your hands, I would have died sooner than assume her rightful place. The law, as you say, binds me to you, but since you have found a divorce so easy of attainment, I can avail myself of the same means to regain the control of my own fate. I shall not hesitate to do so, and you may again figure before the tribunals ere many more weeks pass away."

Thorne looked at her with half a smile, so full of defiance that she felt as if nothing could ever induce her to forgive him. He coolly said:

"I shall not allow such a proceeding on your part. It would ruin me with my father, and render the sacrifice I have made of no value to me. Without my consent you can never obtain a divorce; and little as I care for you, I will not be made ridiculous by you. We have both put on fetters, and heavy as they may be—deeply as they may cut into our hearts—it is my will that they shall be worn to the end. I have pronounced your fate, Mrs. Thorne, so make up your mind to submit to it with a good grace."

A leaden weight seemed to fall on the heart of the listener. Her courage gave way, and the woman in her nature asserted itself. She burst into tears, and after many moments of convulsive weeping, she found voice to say:

"I will reserve my decision till I have seen and talked with your father. He has a genuine affection for me, if you have only counterfeited it. I may consent to remain with you, but in the future I can see nothing but wretchedness in a continued union between us. I do not deny that I have loved you above all earthly beings; but that was when I believed you to be true and honourable. I deemed that your affection for me, though less earnest than mine for you, would deepen into a tender and lasting regard for the woman who so highly estimated you. But you have stripped the ideal being I worshipped of the attributes with which I gifted him,



## [A DECLARATION OF WAR.]

and I see in you only a tyrant to be dreaded—a master whose chain I will not wear. If I am forced to walk through life with you, it will be over a path burning with angry passions scarred with bitter dissensions. My temper is not one to forgive or forget an injury, and you will do well for yourself by allowing me to obtain a legal separation from you."

Thorne brusquely replied:

"And quarrel with my father, who rules me with a rod of iron. No—thank you—and much as you seem to rely on Colonel Thorne's protection, he will help me to keep you in bounds. We shall not live like turtle doves, as you had sentimentally pictured to yourself, but we can at least consent 'to dwell in decencies for ever.' Since I have marred my life to please my father, you must at least take up your cross with the meekness becoming to one of your sex. He will no more consent to grant you a divorce than I will. I have made you my wife; you willingly assumed the obligation, and I do not choose to free you from it. Understand that, and return to your sober senses."

"If you had gone on as you commenced, I might have loved you in time; I was beginning to feel tenderly towards you, but your bitter words have uprooted every gentle feeling. I have done wrong—I freely admit it, but regret, so far as you are concerned, is at an end. You have used language to me which the most ardent affection could not survive. The path we must travel may be hard and arid enough, but it is you who have made it so; it will be you who will soften or embitter my soul still more. A woman must be an angel of peace in such a home as mine will be, or the demon of discord will rule over it. Choose your own course, for I have said that you shall be its mistress, come what will."

Agnes listened to him with shivering anguish—all fire seemed for the time to have died out of her soul, and she could only feel how deeply the iron had entered into it. In spite of his cruel harshness—his plain avowal that his own will had not made him her husband, her heart still clung to him with that tenacious love which alike defies wrong or injury to destroy it. The threat of leaving him, which she had made in the violence of her passion, she felt she would be most unwilling to carry out, and it was a feeble consolation to her that he refused to grant her the freedom which would have been odious to her, although it was done in so brutal a manner.

Yet, with her haughty and imperious temper, her bitter sense of slight and humiliation, Agnes knew that she could never again assume the bearing of a

tender and submissive wife towards the husband who asserted his prerogative in such terms. There could be no peace in the house in which they would dwell together—no confidence between them; yet, with these convictions in her heart, after a few moments of reflection, she said:

"Have your will, then; but remember that you have as fiery a nature as your own to deal with, and what I have said I adhere to. I will not be your slave—I am your equal in every respect, and as such I will be treated."

He laughed again—the hollow, cynical laugh which grated so harshly on the heart of the listener.

"It is well, madam, that you have been wrought on to see the necessity of coming to such a conclusion. But should you find my rule a hard one, you would gain nothing by severing yourself from me. Since your fortune is gone, even the hollow state of mistress of Thornhill will be better than poverty and obscurity. To evade them you will remain in the position I have given you; I think we are quits now."

Agnes raised her head with all her native pride, and fixedly regarded him as she disdainfully replied:

"I had not thought of that, but, as you say, it may be as well to retain the material enjoyments of life, even if all else be swept away. I could not endure a sordid home or narrow income, and Thornhill will be something, even if its future master prove a rude and overbearing companion. The little my father left is secured to me, and I shall in a measure be independent of you, though I am your wife."

"So be it, madam; yet, if my father had been aware of the state of Mr. Willard's affairs, I scarcely think he would have acted with so high a hand as he did. But the past is irrevocable, and you do well to retain what is of more value to sensible people than so uncertain a thing as a man's heart. 'Beware of the first quarrel,' has been uttered as a warning to married pairs, and we would have done well to take heed to it. Our first one has been bitter and hard enough, but I have the presentiment that it is only the beginning of the end. You and I will fight the battle of life literally, I can see plainly enough. You will always seek to gain the upper hand of me, and I intend to be master in my own house."

"It would be better if you could learn to be master of yourself," was the cold response.

And Agnes, weary and heart-sore, arose and left the room before he could retort.

I shall not follow her into the seclusion of her

chamber to depict the wild struggles that rent her heart, embittered her nature, and prepared her for the reckless and wretched future that lay before her.

I have described this first quarrel, from which sprang the deadly Upas that overshadowed her home, poisoning its atmosphere, and blighting those that dwelt within it. She made no attempt to conciliate her husband; she had conceived for him too bitter a contempt for that, and the love that held her to him only made her despise herself because she could not uproot it.

Agnes, in those first moments of suffering, bitterly blamed herself for yielding to the first transports of outraged love and pride; but for the mutual recriminations which had broken up the very foundations of wedded happiness, the cloud in time might have been removed, and forgiveness accorded; but now, with her husband's words of insult tingling in her ears, his cruel taunts striking to her heart, she felt that all hope of that was past. True, she had acted and spoken violently at first, but had she not received sufficient provocation? Could any love less insane than hers condone the wrong that had been done her? Yet Thorne had thrown on her the blame of their rupture, as if the deadly offence lay not with him.

It may seem strange that so haughty a woman did not cast for ever from herself the chain that so bitterly galled her; but Agnes had loved Walter Thorne from girlhood, and without him the world looked dark to her, in spite of all he had done to estrange her. Therefore she clung to him still, and when continued discord widened the gulf between them, till life was scarcely endurable beneath the same roof, she still remained in her home, because she was too proud to recall her word, and too sensitive to be willing to allow the tongue of scandal to busy itself with her ruined life and blighted affections.

Ada Digby stood by her through all her trials, and many efforts did she make to bring about a better state of affairs in the splendid desert Walter Thorne and his wife called their home. Such influence as she had once possessed over him was lost, and he became hard, reckless, and at times dissipated; his only aim in life seeming to be to prove to his unhappy wife, that, in being forced into a union with her, he had lost all respect for himself or for her.

But I am anticipating; other events must be related which had a bearing on the fate of husband and wife, before their complete estrangement was accomplished.

(To be continued.)



[THE ATTACK ON FREELAND.]

## COPPER AND GOLD.

## CHAPTER III.

THERE was nothing terrible, nor anything to excite dislike, in the beautiful and innocent face which smiled from the canvass upon the stout-hearted but pallid-faced Harry Freeland, yet he trembled as one might on seeing a spectre.

He had grown very pale and trembled too, when his eyes first beheld the portrait of the Florentine maiden. But all that had passed away with a burst of secret rage—or rather secret indignation—for the generous heart of old Harry Freeland could not entertain so harsh and violent a sentiment as rage, against one whom he loved so devotedly as he did his daughter, the headstrong Roulette.

His cause for that sudden and violent indignation was known only to himself, nor had the keen-sighted artists, with all their wonderful skill in reading the human countenance, detected that anger had put surprise to flight.

But no burst of passion arose to dissipate the actual terror with which Harry Freeland stared at the portrait of the infant.

No one could study the picture and that of the maiden without detecting the extraordinary resemblance of eye. The features of the maiden were perfect in shape and maturity, while those of the child were as blossoms in bud, merely giving promise of the beauty time might unfold, yet the expression of the eyes in each was the same.

An observer would have said that the pictures were either of one person at different ages, or that the Florentine maiden was the mother of the child.

The conversation which we have related as having passed between the Forettiis, would lead the reader to suppose the latter assertion to be true.

But it was not this extraordinary resemblance of the eye which whitened the face and weakened the limbs of stout Harry Freeland.

His story regarding his presence in the Foretti mansion was true. It was to engage the services of these eminent artists to paint a portrait of his daughter; and, as he had said, he had fallen asleep while awaiting the withdrawal of the glittering butterflies of fashion.

On awakening from a slumber for which he could not account, the sound of voices had led him to the apartment which we have seen him enter so abruptly.

An exchange of startled glances between the Forettiis warned each not to break in upon the surprise, or rather palpable terror of the stranger;

a terror which they hoped might afford them a clue for that wearisome and fruitless search over which their bleeding hearts had throbbed in anguish for years.

The stately features of the Arabian prince lost their haughty impassiveness, and became animated with the light of the same newly-born hope, which caused the Forettiis to grasp each other's hands with painful eagerness, and made their expressive features glow with anxious expectation.

"The babe!" muttered Freeland, as he stared at the portrait of the infant. "That other," he added, as he glanced upon the picture of the maiden, "might be the work of Roulette. I could have sworn she knew all about it, just now; but this portrait of the babe—there is surely magic in that. Ah, gentlemen," he said, in a rough, easy tone, and rising as he saw their curious looks, "you must take me for a crazy fellow escaped from his keepers. But I am not. My name is Harry Freeland, gentlemen; a blacksmith by trade, as one may see by these tough and grimy hands."

He spread out his large, strong hands as he spoke, the horny and toil-stained palms upwards, that they might bear unimpeachable witness to his assertion.

He seemed to wish that the artists would speak, but they did not. They were watching him and his speech.

"As I said, gentlemen," he continued, in a frank and natural voice, speaking excellent English, but with the faintest Italian accent—so faint that but few, except experienced ears, like those of the Forettiis, could detect it, "I am subject to sudden heart-pangs, as I may call them, and that is the second I have had since I came into this room—"

"It is strange that you should have had these heart-pangs, as you term them, alike," said the younger Foretti, using, in his great eagerness, his natural voice.

Harry Freeland started as he heard the voice, and began to stare at the speaker with something of the same expression with which he had gazed at the portraits.

"I do not understand you," he said, scarcely knowing what he uttered.

"My son means that, as you had the first attack of your infirmity when your eyes fell upon this portrait, so you had the second when you saw this," remarked the elder Foretti, as he designated each picture with his finger. "It is strange!"

"Not at all," laughed Freeland, carelessly. "I have them at any time."

"Then you saw nothing in the portraits to affect your heart?"

"Why should I? What a question! They are very handsome, very. But I am sorry that I have intruded, gentlemen. I assure you, I seldom visit the rich; but my daughter, who is as silly as she is obstinate, will give me no peace until a portrait of her pretty face be hung up in my little parlour. You see, though I am but a rough blacksmith, I take pride in having a parlour, such as it is, for my daughter's sake."

"Then she is very dear to you?" said Signor Vellino Foretti, in his soft, whispering voice.

"Eh!" exclaimed Freeland, starting visibly, and staring with that amazed look again. "Oh," he added, recovering his bluff bearing instantly, "she is very dear to me, of course she is. I think I would do anything to gratify her, reasonable, or unreasonable. She's a woman, almost, grown—she thinks she is—I don't; and, of course, many of her wishes are unreasonable. Now, in the first place, it was unreasonable for a blacksmith's daughter, as she is—my daughter, you know—to wish to have a portrait of herself painted. It was not unreasonable in one sense, for she is a woman, and a very handsome one, too, and of course all such love to have portraits of their beauty. Ha! ha! all that was reasonable enough. But it seems to me a blacksmith's daughter is unreasonable to wish to take a matter of fifty pounds out of her father's pocket—fifty pounds, mind you, which he hammered with tough blows out of an anvil, and he a long time beating out every blessed pound—unreasonable to wish to take them, fifty or more, out of his pocket, and give them to a man to paint a picture. Don't that look unreasonable?"

"Very, especially as we paint no portraits for so small a sum as fifty pounds," replied the elder Foretti, carelessly.

"Oh, I knew your price before I came here," laughed Freeland, "and that's why I say this daughter of mine is so unreasonable. She teased me until I promised her the portrait, provided she should not have it painted by a friend of mine—a great artist—at least he says he is. I don't know as much about painting as I do about beating red-hot iron; but Fritz—that is his true name, though he calls himself Fritz Von Hildebrand, can paint elegant signs."

"Signs! Oh, then, Herr Fritz is simply a sign-painter," exclaimed Signor Vasco, smiling. "I admire the taste of your daughter in refusing to have her beauty immortalized by a sign-painter."

"Fritz gets up very tasty signs, I assure you," replied Freeland. "You should have seen the arm and hammer he painted for me—it swings over my shop door. He says it is perfection. He excels, too,

in painting the heads of horses and other animals. You should see the bull's head he painted for a neighbour of mine, a butcher—"

"A great artist, no doubt."

"Certainly, but my daughter first laughed in my face, and then vowed that Fritz should not paint a picture of her cat, lest people should take it for a monkey. Now Fritz, who admires Roulette, offered to try his hand at her portrait for nothing—said he would do it for love of me."

"Ah, for love of you?"

"True. He admires me—"

"Or loves Miss Roulette," interrupted Foretti, willing to listen to the stranger in hope of learning more of that strange heart-pang.

"Oh, everybody loves Roulette!" said Freeland, frankly. "But she said no artist should paint her portrait but the famous Foretti of whom she heard so much. Was not this unreasonable, when our talented friend Fritz was eager to do it for love of me and his art?"

Though the blacksmith spoke fast and naturally, his eyes flashed repeatedly towards the two portraits.

The third, that of the handsome Frenchman, that of "Maranatha," he had not seen, for at the very moment when he entered the room, the heavy drapery had fallen over it, slipping by some chance from the position in which Alaric had placed it.

Harry Freeland did not trouble his mind with any thought of the hidden portrait. He did not even know that there was another. He did not wish to see another, for the sight of the two had filled his brain with a whirlwind of anxious foreboding.

Signor Vasco bowed in answer to the question of the blacksmith, and the latter continued:

"But the most unreasonable part of all, is that she insists in having her portrait painted by the Forettis because she was told to do so in a dream. Ha! ha!" laughed he. "The whim was unreasonable enough to make a sheep laugh, but then to take the whim because she was commanded in a dream."

But the Forettis did not join in the merriment of the blacksmith. They started and exchanged glances of profound emotion.

The prince, too, partook of this feeling, and he also exchanged glances with the artists.

"In a dream?" said Signor Vasco. "Pray describe that dream. A dream which could so impress the mind of your daughter must be interesting."

"I have forgotten the dream," replied Freeland, evasively. "Certainly, a man like me has something better to think of than a silly girl's dream. But she teased me until I promised to visit you and speak of the matter, though I had no idea that I should lose so much time. I hear that your price is a hundred pounds, and—but I will call to-morrow or next day, and if you will not take less, why—but we will see about it."

"He means never to return," thought Foretti, as the stranger began to turn towards the door. "What he has seen of our portraits has alarmed him. Why, I cannot imagine, yet it is plain that this man, whom none of us have ever seen before this night, knows something of the originals of the portraits, upon which he could not gaze and keep his colour."

"Stay, Mr. Freeland," he said, aloud.

"I think not," replied the blacksmith, quickly. "I have just remembered a forgotten debt, I must see that paid first, though Roulette dreamed faster than King Pharaoh."

He had reached the door, and his hand was on the crystal knob, when the older Foretti exclaimed:

"At least, my friend, permit me to show you a painting of rarer merit than any ever done by the Forettis."

"Then it is true that you painted those I see—the infant and the maiden? Are they from nature?" asked Freeland, advancing.

"They are dreams," replied the younger Foretti, sharply.

"Oh!" exclaimed the blacksmith, checking his advance, and staring at the speaker.

He soon began to laugh and remarked carelessly: "They were beautiful dreams—not nightmares? I told my daughter that her dream was a nightmare—"

"You may call them anything you please, my friend. I call them dreams," interrupted Vellino Foretti, sadly, so sadly that Freeland's laugh died away, and he shook his head, muttering:

"It is very strange—the sound of this young man's voice—not so very young either, since I judge that he must be fully thirty-three or four. I have heard that voice somewhere. I'll puzzle it out when I get home. It is well that I had a famous nap behind the curtain this afternoon, for I cannot sleep three winks to-night. My brain is bewildered with those portraits. Dreams indeed! Do these artists dream realities? Once out of this house, may I break my

head with my own sledge, if ever I put my feet into it again!"

Signor Vasco nodded to the prince, who instantly uncurtained the portrait of the Frenchman.

The eyes of the blacksmith were turned upon the other pictures at this moment; nor did he remove his gaze from them until Foretti exclaimed:

"What say you to this, Mr. Freeland?"

The latter glanced instantly at the portrait, upon which a strong light was shed by the lamp that Foretti held near it, and, as his eyes met those of the picture, he uttered a cry of fear, or surprise, the hearers could not tell which, and cried out:

"The Frenchman!"

He did not about the words. They escaped from his teeth, rather than from his lips. It was not a cry, but a hiss, and, as he uttered it, he bounded back as if from the spring of a venomous serpent.

"Ha!" he cried, as he rushed towards the door. "I have fallen into a den of magicians—a lair of fiends!"

There was so much rage as well as terror in his face, that the Forettis made no effort to arrest his flight; indeed, they could not have checked it for an instant, for, as we have stated, they were men of small stature, and gracefully delicate frames, while the blacksmith was a tall and athletic man, with muscles and sinews hardened by years of labour at the forge.

Not so, however, the disguised prince, whose stature exceeded that of Freeland's, and whose strength few could equal.

As the blacksmith grasped the knob of the door, the hand of the Arabian grasped his wrist with a grip like that of a vice, and stayed his retreat.

Freeland turned upon his adversary, and struck at his face with all his force.

The furious blow was parried, and ere it could be repeated, the supple and powerful limbs of the Arab had twined about those of the smith, as frantically as cords of elastic steel.

Stout Harry Freeland, whose prowess of arm and agility of frame were the wonder and dread of his neighbourhood, writhed and tugged in vain to free arm, hand, or leg.

The veins of his forehead, the muscles of his neck, stood out like twisted ropes, as he endeavoured to move to the right or to the left. He was held as firmly and remorselessly as if embraced by the limbs of an iron statue.

"I know but one other man who can thus hold me," thought the imprisoned smith, as he stared in the face of the prince, "and he is no Arab."

It was evident that neither the smith nor the Arabian was angry. The calm and haughty countenance of the latter evinced nothing more than a cool determination to arrest the former. The features of Freeland displayed more astonishment than aught else, astonishment at being so helpless in the grasp of his adversary. There were no signs of guilty terror to be seen upon that flushed and rugged visage.

The Forettis, skilled in reading the most secret expressions of the human countenance, understood this, and the significant glances which they exchanged expressed to each this sentiment:

"This stranger may have known her whom we love and him whom we hate, but it is plain that he has never been an accomplice of Maranatha. Take care lest we make an enemy of a man who may be of infinite value to us."

It was after this eye-language had passed, that the younger Foretti said, quickly:

"Free him, Alaric, and let him be gone. Nor do we ask him to return."

The Arabian released his prisoner, and retired, with an air of respectful indifference, which the observant though startled smith rightly construed as meaning:

"It is all the same to me. If you, my master, wish this rough fellow to escape with unbroken bones, he can do so; but if you desire me to crush him into a jelly, I can and will, as I live but to obey you."

But though the air, manner, and expression of the Arabian puzzled honest Harry Freeland greatly afterwards, he did not remain in the presence of the Forettis, for the repetition of this permission to depart.

After a gasp to recover some of the breath he had lost in his useless struggle in that irresistible grasp, and after a searching glance around the apartment in which the three portraits were included, and especially that of the Frenchman, he turned upon his heel, and fled from the house.

Those whose presence he thus abruptly quitted, gazed into each other's faces but for an instant, and then the Forettis, as if actuated by a single impulse, made the same rapid gesture of command to the prince.

The latter immediately left the room, and though

the flight of the smith was one spurred by terror, the Forettis knew that their mysterious attendant would be in the street, and upon the track of Harry Freeland the moment the latter was out of the house.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE excited blacksmith was not long in reaching the street, and as he inhaled the open air, his courage returned. He paused upon the pavement before the door, half resolved to go back and have another struggle with that Arab, who had so humbled his high opinion of his own strength of arm, for Freeland had a stout heart which seldom failed to carry his vigorous frame triumphantly through affrays, into which men even of the best nature are sometimes drawn.

But there was much more in the house which he had so hurriedly quitted, to make him pause in his half-formed resolve.

"It may be," he thought, as he gazed at the door, which was still wide open as his hasty exit had left it, "it may be that I can overcome that fellow's trick of grab if I should go back, though perhaps I am well out of a scrape, for except one man I have never met such a Tartar. I am no baby, and my arms are as tough as the handle of my twelve-pound sledge, yet I warrant they are bruised black and blue. Then I am not sure that there is not witchcraft in that house—for why should I have seen what I did! Those portraits! No, I'll not be such a fool as to put my head in the fire twice. I'll go home, and tell Roulette what I have seen, and there's an end of it."

He turned away, and directed his rapid strides towards that quarter of the town in which he lived, little dreaming that the same powerful man whose strength had so easily overpowered him, was closely and noiselessly following him, to learn where he lived, who lived with him, and all about him.

The streets were dark and dangerous in the time of which we write, with here and there a lamp at long intervals.

But Harry Freeland was too familiar with the darkness and dangers of the streets, to bestow much thought upon the matter at any time; and now, while his mind was in a whirl of excitement, his thoughts ran only upon what he had met and seen in the house of the Forettis.

So he hurried on from street to street, not heeding the pelting rain which drenched him to the skin, but casting his eyes about him as he walked.

He had safely reached a spot not far from his little cottage, and the light burning brightly in his daughter's room had greeted his eyes, when he was seized by some one whose powerful grip reminded him keenly of that which had so recently impressed him.

His unseen assailant had attacked him so unexpectedly that for an instant he attempted no resistance, and as he perceived that more than one was about him, he judged it best to be quietly robbed, rather than to provoke the unknown ruffians to violence, which might end in his death or serious hurt.

"They mean to rob me, the knaves," was the first thought of the smith. "They are welcome to all they can find, for fortunately I have scarcely a pound in my pockets, and my watch is hanging up in my room at home."

"Come, make haste, my friends," he added aloud, "for I am in a hurry to be home. There's some one waiting there for me."

"You may make up your mind never to see that one again," replied a deep, gruff voice, as the speaker attempted to force a gag into the mouth of the smith.

As we have said, the night was very dark, so that Freeland could but barely discern the indistinct forms of several men around him, nor did he recognize the voice of the man who so rudely attempted to gag him. But the words and act of the speaker convinced him that more than mere robbery was intended.

With the thought of his terrible danger, from whom or why he could not divine, the calmness of the smith took flight at once.

He evaded the gag by a quick twist of his head, and seized the wrist of the man with his teeth. Had he been able to use his hands he would soon have freed himself from his cowardly assailants. But his arms were pinioned behind him by the ruffian who had first sprung upon him, and despite his fierce struggling his efforts to get loose were in vain.

"I am again in the grip of the Arab," thought Freeland. "Those accursed painters with their bully have followed me. It is they who are upon me. I recognize the strength of that Arab. But it seems they mean to kill me."

A furious blow upon his face failed to force his teeth, however, from the desperate hold he had taken upon the wrist of one of his enemies.

"Curse him!" exclaimed the man to his comrades,

"his teeth are meeting in my wrist! Choke him, or I'll—"

"If you do, I'll put mine into you," said a man behind the smith.

And the latter knew that this speaker was the owner of the powerful hands which so firmly held his own. "I've sworn not to shed a drop of his blood, whatever I may do."

"Then take his hold from my wrist, captain!" cried the first speaker. "His teeth are crunching my bones."

The smith's throat was grasped that instant by some one, and so fearful was the clutch that his jaws were forced wide open, the imprisoned wrist was free, and the ready gag thrust in.

"They have me now," thought Freeland, as he was thus rendered speechless. "I was a fool not to cry for help when I could, though little may be expected from the police."

A sudden exertion of strength on the part of the same powerful foe, whose iron hands held his arms, hurled him to the pavement, face downward, and a strong cord bound his crossed wrists behind him.

His enemies then turned him over upon his back, and paused for a whispered consultation.

"He knows too much," said one, in a tone loud enough to be heard by Freeland, who, though bound, gagged, helpless, and amazed, kept his startled wits about him. "Make a sure thing of it, and end him at once!"

"Heaven save me!" thought Freeland, as a shudder ran through his frame. "Who will care for my daughter if I am slain? Poor girl, she needs a father's care and love to protect her; and she loves me fondly, though she is so wilful. I wronged the Foretti, no doubt, and the Arab, too; for he is dumb, I have heard. These men whisper that I know too much to be suffered to live! Know too much of what, and of whom? I am a plain, hard-working man, and have not so much as attempted to injure any one. What is that they are saying? 'The Mexican mines.' What are the Mexican mines to me? Ah, it seems their leader is not willing to have me killed; he tells them I shall be sent where my knowledge of them will not be dangerous—to the Mexican mines. Heaven save me from that fate, too—the horrible slavery of the Mexican mines. Poor Rouletta! She would soon become the prey of poverty—ay, and of worse than poverty, were her father entombed for life in the Mexican mines. Heaven hears me, and sends help."

Help came, and in powerful shape, since he who suddenly sprang into the whispering band of ruffians was the Arab.

The prince had followed the smith closely, guided by his keen sense of hearing, as well as by a faculty of better sight than that possessed by men in general, so that he fully comprehended the scene which we have described.

But Alaric, as we shall continue to call the prince, did not see fit to interfere until the moment when he judged that an attack would be most successful.

Neither did the Arab rush to the rescue of the smith because he had for him any friendly feeling; for, on the contrary, from the moment when Freeland evinced emotion at the sight of the portraits, Alaric had begun to view him as an enemy, or, if not as an enemy, at least as a man who possessed a secret—a secret which, being told to the Foretti or to him, would end that wearisome search for him whom they hated, for "Maranatha," and for her whom they loved, for the original of one, if not of both of the female portraits.

To doubt the generous bravery of the prince, under any circumstances, would have prompted him to fly to the aid of any man assailed by numbers; but when he saw that the life of the one who might be invaluable to him was in danger, he sprang forward as if backed by a host.

Those among whom he leaped knew little of the size or appearance of this ally of the smith, for the darkness made all objects indistinct.

But his presence was felt instantly. With the agility and strength of a tiger in fierce combat, the Arab dealt his terrible blows right and left, prostrating a man at every blow.

This attack, so formidable, swift and unexpected, in a moment left no man to dispute its entire success, except the owner of those powerful hands, whose strength had led the smith into the erroneous belief that he had been assailed by the athletic attendant of the Foretti.

He, however, was hurled to the ground, and remained there for a moment. In that time, brief as it was, the agile and quick-moving Arab had placed Freeland upon his feet, and freed his mouth from the gag.

"Thanks, whoever you may be," said the rejoiced smith. "Now untie or cut this cord, which binds as honest a pair of wrists as can be found in England."

The words had scarcely left his lips when his hands were free, so expert were the fingers of his unknown ally; and in good time, too, for the man who had been last struck down, the man whose strength of hand had so bewildered the smith, at this instant sprang to his feet, and rushed upon the Arabian.

A flash of lightning illumined the faces of all—the smith, of the Arabian, and the leader of the ruffians, as the latter sprang at the throat of the second.

The smith recognized the haughty face of the silent attendant of the mysterious Foretti in that of his ally.

The leader of the ruffians must have recognized the face of some one by whom he had no desire to be known, for a sharp ejaculation of surprise broke from his lips, and he darted away into the darkness.

But neither the smith nor the Arabian could recognize the face of the leader, for it was concealed under a mask.

"Come," said Freeland, with a friendly grasp upon the arm of his ally, "the watchmen are sounding their rattles, and will soon be here. As we are the only innocent and honest men to be found, of course we shall be arrested, and I have no desire to pass a night in the police-station. Do you take to your heels in one direction, while I take to mine in another."

With these words he sprang away, but instantly checked himself, thinking:

"After all, this is scurvy treatment to show a man who has acted as a friend. It is true he belongs to the household of the Foretti—who may be magicians, else why those three portraits? Yet he is a stranger as well as a friend, and if he be arrested may be put to much trouble in this affair of mine. Now there is something which induces me to give him temporary shelter in my house, while something else tells me I should not; but I have not time to argue the matter now—do as you would be done by—that's my motto, my friend," he added, hastily, aloud, and again grasping the arm of the Arabian, who seemed totally careless of the near and noisy approach of the police, "come with me to my house."

"To his house! He actually asks me to accompany him to his house," thought the disguised prince as he hurried away at the side of the smith. "This man may know something of the past, but certainly not of mine, or he would never ask me to his house. I started out to play the spy—unfortunate wretch that I am, to be forced by love and hate to stoop to meanness. I thought to play the spy upon one who seemed to be one of my enemies, and now I must perforce play the part upon an honest and grateful man. Shall I go or return?"

"I have heard that you are a mute," said Freeland, briefly. "Is it so? You do not speak, yet you press my arm and mean that you are. Well, heaven helps us all, my unfortunate friend. We have but few gifts to aid us in obtaining bed and board, house and livelihood, from a hard-hearted world—even the best of us—and I truly pity all who lose any one of those few aids which heaven gives us. It would be worse if you were deaf, and worse than all if you were blind, yet to be dumb is no joke in a world in which a nimble tongue wins all the tasting: when lying thrives so highly among all, it is hard for those who can neither lie nor speak the truth. No doubt you will have the fewer sins to answer for, if you are like me, and I pretend to be an honest man, yet, by George, I am afraid a fib slips from my mouth rather too glibly at times. Not too glibly to rub my way along, but— you understand. It is well you are a man, but I have often thought and wondered if a woman could live happily without a tongue. Few are born dumb who can hear, so I make bold to ask you, were you born thus? You shake my arm, and I suppose that means no. Come, though I must do much talking for silent replies, I have a spark of Eve in me, and if I can frame my questions so as to gain intelligent answers, I would like to know how you lost the power of speech. But wait till we are in my house—can you write? Yes? That is lucky. I warrant you my daughter can read all you may write, be it even in Arabic."

"Can he mean that his daughter understands Arabic script?" thought Alaric. "It would be strange if the child of this rugged mechanic should be mistress of an oriental language."

"Rouletta can speak and write in several languages," continued the boastful father, "notwithstanding she is of the Copper and not of the Gold of society. By George, my friend, I have seen copper timepieces which had much more gold in them than others which were sold and worn for gold."

"There's both sense and honesty in this man," thought the prince. "There is more gold than copper in his composition, though never lived there a man whose nature was pure gold, no, not even Mahomet."

He sighed as he added in his mind:

"Lived there ever a woman whose heart was as pure gold, with no debasing alloy of copper?"

"And by the way, my friend," here exclaimed Freeland, though he did not check his speed, "a thought has just struck me. How was it that you came up in such good time? I left you in the house of the painters, and I think I quitted that house a little faster than any man ever did before, or ever will again, unless he be tossed out of one of its windows, and I am sure I made good speed in leaving you and your masters behind; how now? Come, it appears as if you must have followed me. Oh, you squeeze my arm? Then it is true that you did follow me? Well, I will ask you why, when you have a pen or a bit of pencil in your hands, and speaking of your hands reminds me that they are a powerful pair, as my bruised muscles can swear to in black and blue. But never mind that. It was a fair tussle, though I little expected to learn that there are three men who can handle Harry Freeland as if he were a baby three months old; yes, three—yourself, that ruffian we have just parted from, and another, a gentleman, too, as the world styles him, one whose flash and flare, and gleam and glitter have made a fool of my daughter for the time. I hope it may all pass into smoke as such sparks should, though she is an obstinate girl. Have you never seen children snatching at fire-sparks until their little hands are scorched, burned and begrimed, so I tell my daughter it will be with her, if she plays with this handsome gentleman I speak of. I had a tussle with him, too, for coming about my house after I had warned him off, and it was then I found that there was one man, and not a working man either, who could pitch Harry Freeland as far as Harry Freeland could leap, and that is some twelve feet or more. I have found two more who can do the same, you and that ruffian we were so well rid of. I'll brag no more before my friend Fritz, the sign-painter, but beat my anvil and scold my daughter."

"It is very plain," thought the amused prince, "that this is an honest fellow who loves to talk, and dearly loves his daughter."

"But here we are at my gate," continued the smith, as he suddenly stopped his strange companion before a house which, had it been light enough, would have been seen to be a neat and newly-painted cottage, bearing plain evidence in itself and its surroundings that its owner or occupant took notable and praiseworthy pride in its appearance.

"Here I live, and if you will come in, my daughter will thank you for saving the life of her father."

It is true that Harry Freeland, driven by a strange uneasiness, which he attributed to the existence of the three portraits, for reasons of his own, hoped that his unknown friend would politely refuse his invitation, and walk away. Yet he did not so tone his voice, but spoke so loudly and frankly that his words were heard in the cottage, by that very daughter of whom he was speaking.

The Arabian entered the gateway, and Harry Freeland led him through the little front garden up to his door, thinking:

"I am in for it, surely. True, I nearly broke my neck in trying to get rid of the Foretti, and here I am, about to introduce their attendant to my daughter. Is it fate or folly?"

With these thoughts he opened the door, and, followed by the Arabian, entered his house.

(To be continued.)

EXHIBITION OF INSECTS IN PARIS.—An exhibition of useful and destructive insects took place last month in the Palais de l'Industrie, under the patronage of the Minister of Agriculture. It will be remembered that an exhibition of the same kind, on a small scale, was held in the same building in the year 1863, through the efforts of the Central Society of Apiculture; that first attempt gave rise to the formation of a new society of agricultural insectology, and it was this latter association which was entrusted with the organization of the exhibition. The committee included Dr. Boissudval, M. H. Hamet, M. Guérin Méneville, M. Focillon, and several other entomologists and scientific agriculturists. The exhibition was made as comprehensive as possible, the scheme including the propagation of useful insects, methods of curing or preventing disease, and economical management; and the illustration of destructive insects, with means for opposing their ravages. It was desired that each class should, if possible, be exhibited in all its transformations, from the egg to the perfect insect, together with the matters on which it feeds. Printed or written memoirs were admitted, even without specimens of the insects to which they referred. As regards destructive insects, the society determined on a practical instead of a scientific classification, the subdivisions being formed by the plants upon which the

creatures feed. Two additional divisions were added to the programme of the exhibition; one including carnivorous insects, and small mammiferous animals, such as the mole and hedgehog, which feed on insects; the other being devoted to the illustration of the ravages committed by snails and slugs. Some idea of what this amounts to in the vine-growing districts of France, may be formed from the fact that thousands of bushels of snails are collected in the vineyards and sent to various markets all over the country; during the summer months the supply of this popular article of food is large and continuous all over France. As upon the former occasions, conferences upon various subjects connected with insectology took place in the exhibition. The following were the principal heads of classification:—First division—Useful insects:—1st class: Silk producing insects. These formed the most important feature of the exhibition; the malady of the *gattine*, which has existed amongst the silkworms ever since 1848, is estimated to have caused a loss amounting to more than 60,000,000 francs, or nearly 2½ millions sterling per annum; 2nd class: Insects producing honey and wax; 3rd class: Insects used in dyeing and for colour; 4th class: Edible insects, crustacea and mollusks; 5th class: Insects employed for medical use; 6th class: Insects used as ornaments. Second division—Destructive insects:—Ten classes, viz., those which attack cereals, the vine, plants used in industry, forage, vegetables, and ornamental plants, fruit trees, forest trees, timber used for building, truffles and fungi, dry organic matters, and, lastly, parasites of man and domestic animals. The third division included three classes—carnivorous insects, parasitic insects, destructive of chrysalides, and insectivorous animals, birds and reptiles. The fourth division included—insects and other creatures destructive of mollusks; and notices respecting edible snails and the benefit that cultivators may derive from them. Lastly, optical instruments for entomological purposes, and special apparatus connected with the rearing or destruction of insects. Medals and honourable mentions were awarded for the most remarkable objects exhibited.

### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**SILK**, muslin, or other fibrous material may be coated with copper, silver, or gold by electricity, if they be first dipped in a solution of nitrate of silver with ammonia, and then dried and exposed to a current of hydrogen gas. The ammonia must be sufficiently in excess to re-dissolve the precipitate. The fabric treated is coated in the usual manner.

**INK STAINS AND OTHER STAINS.**—Ink stains can be removed out of woollen materials, carpets, table-covers, &c., by applying milk, thus—with a rag or fine cloth gently sop up the ink, then have, according to the size of the stain, some milk in a bowl; gently touch the spot with the rag which has been thoroughly steeped in the milk, continue gently to wet the spot, then take a clean towel and wipe all over; if well done no stain will remain. To take ink out of linen or muslin, if still wet, put the stained place into the milk; if dry, boil the milk and place the article in the milk while boiling. To take stains of fruit out of muslin, table serviettes, or pocket handkerchiefs, steep for twelve hours in fresh cold water, which should be in a large pan, or tub, or basin, according to the size of the article.

**HOW TO KEEP HOUSES COOL IN HOT WEATHER.**—Mr. John Atfield, Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society, contributes the following seasonable directions:—In these hot days a cool apartment is a real luxury, a luxury to be had far oftener than most people suppose possible. The secret consists, not in letting in cool air, for naturally all do that whenever they have the chance, but in keeping out hot air. If the air outside a room or house be cooler than the air inside, let it in by all means; but if it be hotter, carefully keep it out. A staircase window left open during the night will often cool the passages of a house, and the rooms, too, if their doors be not shut; but it must be closed at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, or, if on the sunny side, at four or five o'clock, and the blind drawn down. The mistake people generally make is to throw open their windows at all hours of the day, no matter whether the atmosphere outside be cool or scorching. "Let us have some air," they say, and in comes the treacherous breeze—for even hot air is pleasant while it is gently blowing, taking away perspiration, and thereby cooling the skin; but the apartment is made warmer instead of cooler, and as soon as they move out of the draught they find their room to be more uncomfortable than before. Let in cool air, keep out hot; that is the only formula to insure the minimum of discomfort. Sitting-rooms may generally be kept cool during the

whole day if the doors be only opened for ingress and egress, and the windows be kept closed and shielded from direct sunshine by a blind. If the atmosphere of a room be impure from any cause, let it be renewed; hot air is less injurious than bad air. If a room be small in comparison with the number of persons engaged in it, free ventilation becomes indispensable. In a cooking apartment the temperature will probably be higher than outside, hence the free admission even of hot air will be desirable. If persons do not object to sit in a direct draught of air, windows and doors may be opened, a breeze being more refreshing, even though several degrees warmer, than still air; but under nearly all other circumstances rooms should be kept closed as much as possible till after sundown, or till the air outside is cooler than that inside. Let in cool air, keep out hot.

### THE MANUFACTURE OF LACE IN ITALY.

THE art of lace-making and embroidery is a great resource for the poor inhabitants of the town and province of Genoa. At Genoa there are ten manufacturers of embroidery and six of lace, who supply the workpeople of the town and country with the raw material and designs to be executed at their own homes; the lacemakers are principally inhabitants of the Gulf of Rapallo. The Genoa embroidery is, as regards design, inferior to that of Paris, and superior as regards workmanship to that of Switzerland; however, they cannot compete with the perfection of the first and the cheapness of the other. The manufacture of lace, however, is in a better state, and the annual production is from 500 to 600 kils., of the value of from 450,000*l.* to 500,000*l.*

In Lombardy 5000 women and girls are employed in making veils, collars, shawls, mantillas, fichus, &c. which are executed with much good taste. The raw material is principally obtained from Germany, France, and England. The products of this industry only suffice for the wants of the country. At Milan there are six manufacturers of this article, who give employment to upwards of 3000 persons, who work principally at their own homes, and earn from 20 centimes to 1*l.* per day. The price of the veils varies from 1*50*l.** to 140*l.* each, and the annual production of this industry is estimated at 400,000*l.* The two other centres of this industry in Lombardy are at Cantu and Sant'Angelo. At Cantu, which numbers only 6000 inhabitants, this industry employs 1700 women, who earn about 20 centimes a-day, and whose annual produce amounts to 438,000*l.* The traders in this article make a profit of from 20 to 30 per cent. At Sant'Angelo the number of women engaged at this industry is about 600, and their earnings average from 50 centimes to 1*l.* per day. The lace made at this place is of ordinary quality, and principally of cotton. The price of the lace varies from 10 centimes to 1*50*l.** per braccio of Milan (equal to about 24 in.). The lace made of thread costs from 1*l.* to 2*l.*, and that of silk about 2*l.* per braccio. The embroideries on bobbinet and tulle, both of cotton and thread, at Venice have a ready sale in the country, and are also exported to Trieste.

A considerable number of persons are employed in this industry. Embroidering and lace made of silk are also carried on extensively at Venice. At Palestrina the women also make point lace. In the Neapolitan provinces various kinds of lace are made. In 1863 the exports of lace amounted to 487,200*l.*

**LUNATIC ASYLUMS.**—By the last report of the Commissioners in Lunacy it appears that the number of houses licensed for the reception of a single lunatic patient has greatly increased, owing, no doubt, to the late prosecutions, by which a knowledge of the law was made public.

**BANK HOLIDAYS.**—In committee on Bank Holidays and Bills of Exchange (re-committed) Bill, Mr. Lusk moved the following clause:—"The day after Christmas Day to be a bank holiday. The day after Christmas Day, and the Monday after Christmas Day when Christmas Day falls on a Saturday, shall be kept as a close holiday in all banks in the United Kingdom."

**BILLINGSGATE MARKET.**—The Corporation of London are contemplating the removal of Billingsgate market to a more convenient locality. All the railway companies engaged in the carriage of fish object strongly to the site of the one existing fish market of London, which, on the other hand, is highly approved of by the present fish salesmen, and by those interested in the water carriage of fish.

**KING THEODORE'S SON.**—Dejatch Alamaio (meaning in English, has seen the world) is the legitimate heir of the late Emperor Theodore. Immediately after the capture of Magdala, Dejatch Alamaio was, with his mother, brought into the British Camp.

This queen, by name Terra Wark (pure gold), was the daughter of Rascoobie, the former Prince of Tigre, and on her father's defeat and capture by Theodore in 1854, was induced to marry her captor at the early age of twelve, principally as a means of securing honourable treatment for her father Oobie and her two brothers Griengwol and Kara. This, however, did not prevent Theodore from keeping her father a prisoner until his death, while her brothers lingered in captivity in the State prison at Arb Amba and latterly at Magdala, where they were released by the British expeditionary force. The last three years of the queen's life were spent somewhat unhappily, in consequence of her having taxed her husband (Theodore) with harsh treatment and unkindness towards her father. This led to recriminations, and on one occasion Theodore in a towering rage asked her whether she did not know that he was the "King of Kings," and thereupon attempted to strike her; but upon her reply that he dared not strike the Queen of the King of Kings, he withdrew. She had been suffering in health for some months before the arrival of the British in Abyssinia, and soon fell into a decline. Her death took place at Haik Hallat, and she was buried at Obellikot. A few days before her death she sent for Captain Speedy and desired him to request his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief that her son should be placed in his charge. Basha Fellaka (as Theodore had named Captain Speedy) being an Amhara Christian at heart, had always been liked by her people. This seemed to coincide with his Excellency's views, for on his arrival at Zoulia the young prince was handed over to Captain Speedy, and has been with him ever since. It is amusing to hear the boy call Captain Speedy Abba Fellaka, i.e., Father Speedy. His affection for him is excessive, and he seems most unhappy when separated from his tutor for a single moment. Dejatch Alamaio left with his tutor for Portsmouth.

### STATISTICS.

In 1854, 11,000,000 of passengers were conveyed on railways; each passenger travelled an average of twelve miles. The old coaches carried an average of ten passengers, and for the conveyance of 300,000 passengers a day of twelve miles each there would have been required at least 10,000 coaches and 120,000 horses.

STATISTICIANS have calculated that if the population of the world amounts to between 1200 and 1300 million persons, the number of deaths in a year would be about thirty-two millions. Assuming the correctness of this calculation, the deaths each day would be nearly 88,000—3,600 per hour, sixty per minute; and thus every second would carry into eternity one human life from one part of the world or another. But reproduction asserts its superior power; for, on calculating the probable annual births on the globe, the result shows that whereas sixty persons die per minute, seventy children are born, and thus the increase of the population is kept up.

**IRISH AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.**—Returns have been recently published showing the number of Agricultural holdings in Ireland in 1841, 1851, and 1867; showing the extent of arable land, the extent of land not arable, and the total extent of land of each class, &c. From these returns it appears that there has been a gradual falling off in the number of holdings since 1841, at which date there were 691,202, whereas in 1867 there were only 546,448. The falling off is, however, only apparent in the holdings of less than 30 acres in extent, and particularly in the class not exceeding 5 acres, which decreased from 310,436 in 1841 to 78,064 in 1867. In the better class of occupiers, whose holdings were above 5 but not exceeding 15 acres, the number fell from 252,793 to 173,475. The increase in the number of holdings of not less than 30 acres and up to 100 show the extent to which the process of absorption has been carried on—the number in 1851 being 120,033; and in 1867, 126,537. There was an increase in the same period of the highest class of holders—viz., those having more than 100 acres—of 2,817. The total extent of land in the occupation of the smallest class of holders in 1867 was 277,372 acres, whereas the area in the occupation of holders of more than 100 was no less than 8,244,529 acres.

**117 YEARS OLD.**—There is at the present time living within two miles of the village of Dunvegan, in the township of Kenyon, an old lady named McLean, a native of the Isle of Skye, who was born in 1751. She is hale and hearty, still assists her daughter and grandchildren in their domestic duties, even in going for and milking the cows. She takes as much interest in the latest news as she did 100 years ago.



[THE PARTING.]

## IDONNA.

He looked—was that pale woman,  
So grave, so wan, so sad,  
The child once young and smiling—  
The bride, once fair and glad?  
What grief had dimmed the glory,  
And brought that dark eclipse  
Upon her blue eyes' radiance,  
And paled those trembling lips?

"IDONNA, you are indeed pitiless; I do love you, as heaven is my witness!" he cried, passionately; "hear me, for the love of heaven, and as you value the happiness of your own life, let me prove to you how much better than my own soul I have loved you!"

"I will not hear you, Rushly King," she said, scornfully; "I will not listen to you—I will not hear another word from your lips; they are as false as your own black heart; and if you should talk to me from this moment, until yonder ocean doth cease to roll its blue waves upon the shore, you could not extenuate in the slightest degree the magnitude of your sin. In my estimation you have sinned beyond human pardon, so, ask forgiveness of heaven. After this night, Rushly King, you will never look upon my face again. If you wish our ill-starred marriage kept a secret, it shall be as you wish; for it shall not pass my lips. My unborn babe shall never know that one, created in the image of God, could be so utterly false to all that denotes the true man and husband, as you have proved yourself to be. I will return to the Highlands, and in the deep solitude of wild Glengary, hide my shame, and strive to forget my wild dream of love. Love!" she repeated scornfully, drawing her slight form up to almost queenly dignity—"love!—sin, and a deathless regret is all that I have to remind me of my happy bridal morning, only six months since!"

He attempted to approach her, but she waved him off with her small hand, and retreated haughtily from his touch, and there was a world of contempt in her eyes.

"Do not come near me, sir—I am dangerous, under this mighty wrong you have heaped upon me! I have learned your true name, sir, and that of the noble family of which you are the last scion—the last of your line. Oh! heaven of mercy and justice, have pity on me! I have sinned through blindness, through woman's love and confidence. I worshipped an idol and found it clay. Lionel, Duke of Hammond and Earl of Pentland, an honoured Knight of the Garter, and," she added, bitterly, "the promised husband of Eddie, lady of Ravenscraig, and the fairest maid in Scotland—"

He started slightly; his proud face became deadly pale; for one moment he seemed lost to sight and sound, and was nearly falling to the ground in a swoon.

"How could you do it?" she went on, relentlessly; how could you prove so utterly false, when I loved and trusted you so? How could you break the only heart that ever loved you truly? Of what could your heart be made to do a poor, friendless girl, such a bitter, deadly wrong? I was lonely, I was motherless—but I was light of heart and free from sin till you came. I had no kindred in the wide, wide world—no dowry save my beauty. Through your instrumentality my father died an outlaw; you found me in sorrow, yet pure as the snow upon the summit of Lochnagara; you came to me in the guise of a friend, and you won my love in all its strength and purity, and I thought myself your honoured wife. But you have basely deceived me. Now, Lionel, Duke of Hammond and Earl of Pentland, what am I?"

She turned upon him the full light of her dark, eloquent eyes. He could not meet that flashing gaze, neither could he reply.

"I can tell you what I am," she continued, in a clear, ringing tone, drawing her queenly form to its full height—"I am a reproach to my sex, and a dishonour to the mother that bore me, and an everlasting shame to the honest name my father gave me!" She said it bitterly—her sweet voice sounded like a lamentation.

She walked up and down the path rapidly, her eyes glittering like stars. If she had been beautiful in her sweet, womanly dignity, she was grand in her fiery indignation. She had been betrayed into a false marriage, and felt the dishonour as only a proud spirit can.

"Idonna, will you listen to me? If I wronged you, as you say, by winning your love in the guise of a yeoman, remember how long and how well I have loved you. I did not intend you should ever know that our marriage was not real. I should have loved you so tenderly, that a doubt of my honour would never have entered your heart. I was betrothed to Lady Eddie years before I knew you. It's for my interest to marry her; but she will never possess my love. I can still be all to you that a true wife may require—I can still be your Rushly King."

"Do I hear aright, sir? Do I understand you rightly?"

"You heard me promise to be all that a husband can be to the wife of his choice," he replied, blushing, and still keeping his eyes upon the ground; he did not dare to meet her gaze.

"And what of Lady Eddie?" she said, scornfully.

"She is so cold and haughty, I think it's little she will care how I spend my time. My title is all she requires. She is only seventeen, and apart from her pride, she is as wild as the eagles of Lochnagara. It's little she'll reck what I do or where I go. She was my father's ward and an only child; her landed property joins Pentland," he said, haughtily.

There was a world of scorn in her voice, and indignation shone from her black eyes, and flashed upon him all the contempt her nature was capable of, as she exclaimed:

"Heaven help the nobility of Scotland, if you are the type of its greatness; and heaven help Lady Eddie, when she becomes that dishonoured creature, your wife."

She walked haughtily away from him, her young heart breaking the while. She could only die, in order to hide her woe. He stood, rooted to the spot where she left him; his face was deathly pale, and his small, white hands were clenched, as if in agony. None but heaven knew how much he suffered; yet his punishment was just; in his heart he knew it to be so. How could he give her up? how live without the smile of his beautiful Idonna? He wondered where Idonna learned his name and proud lineage. He cast his eagle eyes over the beautiful landscape, yet he heeded not its wild, picturesque beauty. He saw not the undulating hills in the south—hills wearing the misty veil of distance, and closed in by towering mountains, nor the beautiful sheet of water—the fair Lochlenly. He loved the beautiful hills, and had grown strong while breathing the clear mountain air. Only six short months in the Highlands; and yet that was long enough to break one trusting heart; long enough to cast the shroud of desolation upon one woman's life. Did he stand there in his dignity, with a free and careless heart—a heart sinless and true? He gazed wistfully after the young girl whom he had so bitterly wronged, and was tempted to follow her, and make her his loving and loyal wife. Riches, rank, and ancient family, seemed of little moment, when compared with the faithful heart he had cast away—cast away like a flower shorn of its fragrance. Idonna sought her home in Glengary. To the faithful heart of her old nurse, she carried her weary, aching spirit, knowing she would find a hearty welcome.

"Woe is the day, lassie—woe is the day that left ye a lone bairn, with na friend to gie ye shelter, an' na seat at the ingleside. It is a sad day for a winsome lassie, when she has na father's blessing, an' na mother's bosom to nestle in, when clouds are passing o'er."

Such was the greeting Idonna received from her old nurse, when, weary and faint with walking over mountain and valley, she entered the simple cot of Dame Rugbert, a kind-hearted, yet hard-featured woman, who had cared for her always.

"Oh! you say truly, good dame. Woe was the day that left me friendless; and darker still the hour when my guardian angel slept at her post, and allowed the shadow of Rushly King to cross my path, leaving the trail of the serpent to poison my life and stain my soul's purity."

"What now, lassie?" cried the dame, sorrowfully.

"I am lost, good dame—lost for ever."

"Lost, say ye, lassie?" inquired the nurse, sorrowfully.

"Ay, lost. The world is dark, man desperately wicked, and woman more sinned against than sinning. I left you, good nurse, a happy, trusting bride. The bridal ring glittered on my finger, yet I was no bride, and the name of wife was but bitter mockery. Rushly King was false, and I— heaven help me!"

She fell senseless on the floor. Dame Rugbert bent tenderly over her, crying softly the while:

"Oh, my bright-eyed, sinless bairn, woe is the day ye left Glengary! Ye went in joy; ye've come back with ye're winsome blue eyes dimmed with tears!"

"What is the matter with your daughter, my good woman? Let me help you restore her," said a sweet, girlish voice; and two soft, white hands were placed under Idonna's head.

"Thanks, my lady, the bonnie bairn is ill unto death. She was a handsome, blithesome lassie, six months ago—now she is dying here."

"Not dying, only fainting. How young and beautiful she is. She cannot be your daughter, my good woman."

The dame began to tell of Idonna's family, to which she had been a faithful servant all her life. She told of Idonna's mother who died in childhood, leaving the motherless child to her—for Squire Locklin never married again. Years after, the Squire was outlawed for some political offence against the Duke of Hammond, and his daughter was left friendless.

Then came the history of Idonna's love and marriage, which proved no marriage at all, only a mockery, for Rushly King, yeoman, was not Rushly King, but the Earl of Pentland, and Idonna, the poor lassie, was ruined and broken-hearted.

"Did this man, Rushly King, go before a minister of the church, and take upon himself the marriage-vow? Did he marry this poor girl as a yeoman?"

"Deed he did, and I saw 'em married me ain' sel, and saw me bonnie bairn, me winsome blue-eyed lassie, gang awa wid him in a fine carriage. But woe's the day, for she came back weary an' sore-footed. Ay, an' sore-hearted, as ye see for yersel, lady. The bonnie lassie has found life a long road for a friendless bairn, and dangerous for a winsome face and bonnie blue eye."

"But she must be saved, good dame; and I will save her. Eddie Ravenscraig has the power to save this poor child, and punish her would-be husband. Come to Ravenscraig Castle this day month, and I will lift the burden from this poor girl's heart. Remember, this day month. I must away, for I hear the huntsman's horn calling in the stray members of the hunting party. Sir Eleric of Eleric Grange will be seeking me."

Eddie gathered up her habit, blew a silvery blast on the handle of her richly-mounted whip, and, mounting her spirited horse, rode away, muttering to herself:

"The miserable dissembler! I'll tell Eleric, and my lord duke must look to himself."

After Lady Eddie left the cottage, Dame Rugbert put Idonna quietly to bed, at the same time bidding her to be of good cheer, for Lady Eddie Ravenscraig would surely help her in the hour of need.

"Lady who?" said Idonna, starting up, excitedly.

"That sweet lassie just gang from here—Eddie Ravenscraig."

"Thank heaven she is forewarned!" replied Idonna, weeping bitterly.

Dame Rugbert administered a sleeping potion, and in the evening Idonna recovered her faculties sufficiently to understand Lady Eddie's request. She at first refused to go, but Dame Rugbert's plain, practical sense influenced her, and after a time she consented to comply with Lady Eddie's request. Dame Rugbert was a sensible woman, as truthful as the sun, and Idonna could trust her.

The next morning Idonna's cheeks were flushed with an unnatural bloom, and Dame Rugbert compelled her to remain in bed. Lady Eddie sent to inquire how the poor invalid was, and the messenger returned with the tidings of Idonna's illness. Eddie called in a few days, and conversed for a long time with the invalid. Lady Eddie possessed an independent, vigorous, and hopeful spirit, and a sympathizing, loving heart; and her ringing words of cheer left their benediction upon Idonna's heart long after she had gone.

The time went slowly by, and brought at length the day to go to Ravenscraig Castle. Dame Rugbert set out with a hopeful heart, but Idonna was oppressed with sorrow—for her there was no hope.

It was a beautiful morning; there was the flush of early sunrise gleaming into a golden glow, as it kissed the gray brows of the mountains, and gilded the gates of gold in the far east. A silvery mist hung over the valleys through which they travelled, yet Idonna's grave face, set in grief, caught not a gleam of the fresh morning glories; but Dame Rugbert laughed, and beguiled the journey with quaint

old songs of bygone days, the history of her own life, and the golden gleam of love that ran like a thread through her experience—running like a golden thread through much practical knowledge. And so they journeyed on, over mountain and vale; one walking heavy and sore-hearted, recking not for sweet-scented heather, wild thyme, or mountain-daisies springing into life and beauty at her feet; the other possessing a keen eye for beauty, and a passionate love for the flowers of her "ain green hills."

When the sun of the third day was declining, they caught a distant view of Ravenscraig Castle.

Tall spire, and glittering roof and battlement,  
And banners floating in the summer air,  
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent;  
Green isles and circling shores all blended there,  
In wild reality.

Dame Rugbert gazed upon the scene with excitement—its wild, picturesque beauty just suited her; but Idonna stood gazing upon the scene with listless despair. Yonder was Ravenscraig, and beyond the towering walls of Pentland—and Rushly King was there!

While they stood looking on distant Ravenscraig, the sun became obscured by a fleecy cloud; then, breaking through the cloud, it shone with added glory, covering the waters of the lake and the towers of the castle with blazing jewels.

"It is a sign of promise, lassie—a promise of comfort and happiness to you. Cheer up, bairn; wipe the tear from your eye, for yonder comes a winsome lassie."

Idonna saw in the distance an old man clad in the Highland costume, the rich, Gaelic dress of a chieftain. He was a fine specimen of manhood. His dark, handsome face lighted up with pleasure, as his gaze fell upon the travellers. Eleric of Eleric Grange, with his athletic frame, frank countenance, bold, kindly bearing, and bright, azure eyes, appeared like one familiar with rugged hills and mountain breezes. He was a man of mettle, and the courage of brave old Tarquill of the Oak had descended to Eleric of the Grange. His black velvet dress, glittering with bright bullion buttons, was fitted close to his noble form; his Tartan kilt, with ample folds, fell almost to his knees, and from his left shoulder flowed a long, bright mantle of Highland plaid. His baskins were of crimson plaid. His dirk-sheath and the hilt of the weapon were embossed with gold, handsomely ornamented with crystals from Cairngorm; Saint Eleric and the thistle were exquisitely wrought on its blade of polished steel, distinguishing marks of his ancient ancestral clan.

"What brought Eleric of the Grange to Castle Ravenscraig?" thought the dame, as he came near them; "and in his gala-dress, too?"

Just then there came stealing over the water the wild notes of the bagpipe, softened by the vibrations of the water. It sounded wailing, "The March of Clan Chattan," and Eleric, standing as he did, reminded Dame Rugbert of a painting she had once seen at the Grange representing the Chief of Clan Chattan, Mohr Archat, in the royal dignity of his power; and she thought of Scotland's past glory, when her feudal chieftains would brave danger and death on mountain and sea, rather than bend to an enemy. She gave a sigh for bonnie Scotland's national pride and glory, and went forth to meet the young Highlander.

"Welcome, ladies, to Ravenscraig; Lady Eddie is waiting for you."

He led the way, followed by Idonna and the dame, into the presence of Eddie Ravenscraig. She greeted Idonna with a kiss, telling her to be of good cheer. Eddie's eyes sparkled with mirth, as she gave Eleric a sly glance, and rang for her maids.

"Show this lady and her good nurse to the blue chamber, and bring the garments of the bridesmaid. Lady Idonna, of Glengary, will go with me to the altar."

She waved them from the room; then turning to Eleric, she exclaimed:

"Poor girl, her heart is broken, but she shall have justice at his hands—ay, ample justice!"

"You are a noble woman, Eddie, my queen, and to-day heaven will crown my life with a new glory!"

He kissed her tenderly as he spoke. She smiled upon her many lover, and said, while her clear eyes overflowed:

"Bless heaven for this day, Eleric, even as yonder poor, deluded girl will do ere the moon fades from the summit of Lochnagar. I bless heaven for life and love, Eleric!"

"Amen!" was the cheerful and hearty response of the handsome, vigorous Scotchman.

"I would that all men were like you, my Eleric, I would that bad men were either reformed or dead, their requiems sung, and earth was really and truly clothed in Eden bloom, as in days lang syne."

"Amen again, my darling!"

They parted, to meet later at the altar.

Idonna stood before Eddie Ravenscraig dressed in her bridal robes; a rich veil fell to the floor, and completely hid her features; diamonds sparkled upon her arms and bosom, and glittered in a massive coronet upon her broad, white brow. They were the Hammond diamonds, sent to grace the fair, young bride. The duke himself was waiting in the chapel the coming of the bride. That day he expected to wed Lady Eddie of Ravenscraig. There was a cloud upon his brow when he thought of Idonna, the fair rose of Glengary, dying of a broken heart. To minister to his own pride, he had cast aside the only love of his life, and left her to a sorrowful life of shame. Would heaven prosper him in his union with the fair Eddie? There too was noble Eleric Bane of Eleric Grange. Would Eddie herself forget her love for the young chieftain?

Thinking of these things, he watched and waited the coming of his young bride—watched and waited with downcast eyes and pallid face. Bishop Donald had come all the way from Edinburgh to perform the ceremony; and he stood at the altar, prepared for his sacred duty.

At length the bridal party entered and passed up the broad aisle to the altar. Kneeling eyes than the duke's would have failed to distinguish the bride from the bridesmaid. Both were dressed in white, with veils of oriental lace heavily embroidered, falling like a cloud about them. The ceremony was over; the ring glittered upon the bride's finger, and the duke had kissed the bride through her heavy veil, when Eleric pressed forward with the bridesmaid, requesting the bishop to perform a like duty for him and the young lady at his side. The rites were soon over; the prayers were said, and the bridal party returned to the castle. The brides retired to change their dresses, and the bridegrooms stood face to face in the lower drawing-room.

"You surprised me not a little, Eleric. Who was, or is your bride?"

"Eddie of Ravenscraig," said Eleric, coolly, his dark eyes flashing scornfully upon the duke, whose face was deathly white.

"Who, in heaven's name, have I wedded?" he exclaimed, excitedly, his eyes flashing fire.

"You are married to her who had the greatest need of your love—the greatest claim to your heart and home. The Duchess of Hammond and Lady of Pentland, was known as Idonna Lochlin of Glengary; later, she changed her maiden name for that of plain Mrs. King, the wife of a yeoman; now, she is Duchess of Hammond, and a Peeress of the Realm; and a fairer, or better woman, cannot be found, save one—I except Lady Bane, my own wife—the peerless Eddie," replied Eleric, calmly.

"I have you to thank for this night's work, sir," said the duke, angrily.

"No; Eddie found Idonna, miserable, dying of a broken heart, and learned from her nurse that you were the villain who wronged her too deeply for pardon; and Eddie concluded you might as well marry poor Idonna, who loved you to idolatry, as Eddie, who despised you, for your want of manliness; the two girls are of the same height and complexion, and you were very easily deceived, my lord."

The duke saw himself outwitted by Lady Eddie, and concluded to make the best of it. He really loved Idonna, and at heart was glad. He bent his haughty head, and congratulated Eleric on his happy marriage.

"Thank you, my lord duke, and may you be blessed in the love and sweet companionship of the fair duchess."

They clasped hands in token of good-will, and then the duke sought his bride—his own, honoured wife, now. I do not know what passed between them, I only know that the duke and duchess made their appearance late in the evening, arm-in-arm. Upon his face rested a look of sweet content; for now that Idonna was really his wife, he could look back upon the past, and thank heaven with all his soul, that she, and not Eddie, was his lawful bride. He would hereafter cherish her so tenderly, that her young heart would forget its one bitter sorrow. Idonna was queenly in her bridal dress, with the Hammond diamonds gleaming in her shining hair; yet dearer to her was the smile of love bestowed upon her by her husband, than all the jewels in bonny Scotland.

He clasped her to his heart, saying:

"Thank heaven, who kept me from a great sin, darling!"

"Ay," said Lady Eddie, earnestly. "Ay, and may we strive to meet his tender mercy."

And Eleric Bane replied in his clear, honest voice:

"Praise heaven for life, love, and immortality."

Day dawned upon Ravenscraig, and the sun shone softly upon the white walls of Pentland, as Idonna stood beneath its portals, a proud and happy wife.

SIR ALVICK.

CHAPTER X.

"I ADVISE you to refrain from sneering, Sir Alvick, until you have heard all I have to say," replied Major Varly, who saw that the baronet desired to irritate him into careless speech, that he might penetrate at once to the purposes of the dreaded Aspa Jarles. He continued, with the air of a man who could prove all he was about to say, "Lord Hayward Fitz-Osborn, Marquis of Galmount, married Lady Matilda De Burgh, fifth daughter of the Duke of Ardsford. The marquis had been a widower scarcely two years when he wedded Lady Matilda. His first wife died within a week after the birth of a son—I am that son, Sir Alvick."

"Proceed," replied Sir Alvick, coldly. "It is well-known to all that Lord Hayward's first wife, the Marchioness Alberta, bore him a son, and, if that son had lived, he would now be Lord Edward Fitz-Osborn."

"Edward was the name given to him by his father," continued Major Varly. "Within a year after the death of his first wife, Lord Hayward became captivated by the beauty of Lady Matilda De Burgh, and, as I have said, scarcely two years had elapsed from the day when the body of the first wife was borne from Osborn Castle, to the day when the second wife was installed therein as Marchioness of Galmount."

"You are stating nothing but what everyone knows."

"So far. Wait, Sir Alvick. In wedding Lady Matilda, Lord Hayward was infamously deceived. He was infatuated by her extraordinary beauty. He was of a noble and generous nature—unsuspecting, not inclined to doubt the friendship of man, nor the fidelity of woman. Lady Matilda did not love Lord Hayward. She married him to conceal a crime."

"You forget that you are addressing the husband of Lady Matilda," said the baronet, while his eyes flashed fire.

"I forget nothing. I do not even forget that I am addressing the man who betrayed my father into taking to his home and rank an infamous woman. I am trying to forget that I am addressing a man whom I believe to have murdered my father," replied Major Varly, with a fierce smile, while his frame trembled with hate.

"Whoever may be at the head of this movement against me," thought the baronet, "this young man certainly believes himself to be the son of Lord Hayward. He believes he is a marquis, and no less."

"Proceed," said the baronet, aloud. "You are here to insult me, I suppose. I sincerely hope that what I suspect may be true."

"And pray, what do you suspect?" demanded Major Varly, sharply.

"That you are the victim of that cunning and unprincipled woman, Aspa Jarles. I am very sure that you are her son."

"I thought the same for many years, Sir Alvick," replied the soldier, with more strange bitterness in his tone than Sir Alvick had before noticed. "Others thought the same. For years I have writhed under the belief that I was her son and—yours."

"Mine!" exclaimed the startled baronet. "You have suspected that I was your father. You have not only suspected Aspa Jarles to be your mother, but also suspected me to be your father! Young man, I said to myself, a moment ago, that, as I had no doubt that you were the son of Aspa Jarles, I only wondered that you did not claim to be my son, and heir of Ulster! Listen. Do you know that there have been two in this room, very recently, who claim to be my sons? You—"

"Stop. Did you say two had claimed to be your sons?" interrupted Major Varly. "Two?"

"Yes. Two. Why not a thousand, since it appears that prolific creature of evil, Aspa Jarles, is alive?"

"Two? There is one who has a right to claim you—ah! it cannot be that he who calls himself Lord Peter Fitz-Osborn, has been informed by his father and mother of his true parentage. Do you mean that Lord Peter—"

"Lord Peter does not dream that he is the son of any one except those who were his parents—Lady Matilda and the late Lord Hayward Fitz-Osborn," replied the baronet, coldly. "You say there is one who has a right to claim me as his father. I tell you that, within a very recent time, two have claimed that honour."

"Honour!" repeated the soldier, with a sneer so like many Sir Alvick had never forgotten, that he started at the resemblance. "Honour? The ignorant world may deem such paternity honour. Lord Peter might. I do not. But I perceive that neither you nor Lady Matilda have hinted a shadow of the truth

to Lord Peter. Perhaps there will be no need to do so. Heaven knows that I have been so rejoiced in discovering that I am not your son, even though the church had blessed the union from which I sprang, that I have no desire to saddle Lord Peter with the 'honour' of being the son of Aspa Jarles and Harlow Clayton."

At least, Major Varly could return the sneers of Sir Alvick; and the baronet, but for his desire to penetrate into the designs of Aspa Jarles, would have struck him then, even had death to himself followed the blow.

"For all that has passed, Sir Alvick, we may be allies, if not friends," resumed the soldier.

Something like the same words had been used by Mr. Hassan Wharfe, and the baronet scowled as he remembered the atrocious impertinence of that gentleman.

"We may be allies, Sir Alvick, though you and I can never be friends," resumed Major Varly. "You said two had recently claimed you as a father. I know of but one, Lord Peter excepted—and Lord Peter cannot claim to be your legitimate son—I know of but one who can justly claim to be your legitimate son and heir."

"So—you do know of one," sneered the irritated baronet, as his mind reverted powerfully to Hugh De Lisle. "May I ask the name of that one?"

"Certainly; and if you have not yet made his acquaintance, be very sure that he will, ere long, seek yours, Sir Alvick. He goes by the name of Mr. Hassan Wharfe."

"Hassan Wharfe!" exclaimed the disgusted baronet.

"It is evident that you and he have met," continued Major Varly, smiling mockingly. "Now, unlike me, Mr. Hassan Wharfe does esteem it an honour and a profit to be the son of Sir Alvick Ulster. I believe, too, that he aspires to be the husband of Miss Evaline Ulster; and were it not that the beautiful lady is too nearly allied by blood to Sir Alvick Ulster, I might, also, aspire to her hand, as you, of late, imagined I did. I sought her acquaintance, it is true, but not to make love to her. As I have told you the name of one who has a very powerful right to claim you as his father, may I ask the name of the other?"

"One who, I have heard, chastised your insolence in a duel in Ireland—Captain Hugh De Lisle," replied the baronet.

"Ah," said the major, in surprise, while his face grew pale, "Hugh De Lisle! He is dead, is he not?—shot by your command?"

"He is dead. But what if he were living?" asked Sir Alvick, who had observed the sudden pallor of his visitor.

Major Varly did not reply for a moment, during which time he seemed to reflect.

"Sir Alvick," he said, suddenly, "you said, but now, that the two who claimed you as a father had been recently in this room. Hugh De Lisle was condemned and executed, according to report, four months ago. What do you mean by the word recently?"

"Within a year, sir," replied the baronet, who believed, and very justly, that the condemned, though fugitive, Hugh De Lisle, would be very careful not to show himself to anyone who might recognize him, so long as the sentence of death hung over his head.

"But what if he lived, major?"

"Nothing, since he is dead, Sir Alvick. He never liked me, nor I him—why, I cannot tell. There was a fierce antipathy between us which culminated in a duel, little over a year ago. He had my life in his power then, and spared it, for which I owe him thanks. I think I would have made a fiercer fight with him, had not my hand been withheld by a suspicion."

"Oh, by a suspicion! What was it? It was a pity you did not kill him or he kill you," sneered the baronet, shrugging his shoulder. "Come, what was the suspicion, young man?"

"Sir Alvick, I told you that for years my soul had writhed under the fear that I was the son of Aspa Jarles and Sir Alvick Ulster, did I not?"

"Your insolence did not stop at that declaration, sir."

"I may tell you also, Sir Alvick, though I do not believe it now—knowing of the claims of Mr. Hassan Wharfe—that when I crossed swords with Captain Hugh De Lisle, I suspected that I was crossing swords with my brother."

"What, sir?"

"Yes, from something which I had heard, I suspected that Hugh De Lisle was the son of the woman whom I feared was my mother."

"The son of Aspa Jarles?"

"The son of Aspa Jarles, and—Sir Alvick Ulster."

A hundred times rather would Sir Alvick have had Hugh De Lisle forced upon him as a son, than

Major Hark Varly—whom he hated less for his audacity, than for his terrible likeness to Aspa Jarles.

A million times rather would he have had Hugh De Lisle forced upon him as a son than that ugly serpent, Hassan Wharfe.

He would see Hugh De Lisle again—he would hasten to find him, and listen patiently, inquiringly, to that recital which had been so abruptly broken off. He might use him against this formidable array of accusation, thrust into his teeth by Hark Varly and Hassan Wharfe.

"Your suspicion was absurd, Major Varly," he said, coldly. "As absurd as your pretension is to be the son of the late marquis; as absurd as the pretensions of Hassan Wharfe."

"I will return to the story of the late marquis," replied the major, haughtily. "You and Mr. Hassan Wharfe can settle the question of his pretensions between you. I have nothing to say of that—at least at present. I will speak of Lord Hayward—of my father."

"Good; of your father," scoffed the baronet.

"Lord Hayward was terribly deceived in his marriage. He discovered, very soon after, such facts as to drive him even to the brink of madness. He was as proud as he was generous. He would not blazon forth his disgrace to the gossiping world. But few suspected that Lady Matilda was not a most pure, faithful and devoted wife. Those few were unknown to the half-crazed marquis, who locked his agony of soul within the torturing throbbings of his own heart."

"This is all romance. Rather, this is all drippings from the venomous tongue of Aspa Jarles," sneered the baronet, though his heart leaped to his throat, terrified by the boldness with which this young man made his fearful assertions.

"It is all fact, Sir Alvick. I trust it may be spared me to prove it all to the world," replied the soldier, calmly, though his eyes blazed fiercely. "Lord Hayward was slow to believe that his wife had wronged him. His first suspicion was excited by an anonymous letter—"

"An anonymous letter! The weapon of a coward."

"The weapon, in this case, was that of a jealous and malicious woman," replied Major Varly. "The letter was written by Aspa Jarles, who hated Lady Matilda because, until you saw Lady Matilda, you loved Aspa Jarles. The anonymous letter revealed enough to fire the mind of the marquis with jealousy. He watched and waited; suspicion followed suspicion, till conviction came slowly upon his generous mind."

"A jealous man or a jealous woman is simply mad," remarked the baronet.

"Had the marquis no cause for jealousy? You were then simple Alvick Ulster, and known to have been an ardent admirer of Lady Matilda. You had asked her hand in marriage of her father, the Duke of Ardsford, and he had refused your petition, though he knew Lady Matilda loved you far better than she ever would love another man. He refused, because you were comparatively poor, and so was he, although he was a duke. Lord Hayward was the possessor of princely wealth, and the almost landless and moneyless duke was his debtor thousands of pounds. So he gave his fair and frail daughter to the unsuspecting and infatuated marquis. You and Aspa Jarles were even then the father and mother of a son. Mr. Hassan Wharfe, you say, claims to be that son. You and he will settle that matter. Aspa Jarles was at that time very beautiful, very youthful and very poor, though the cousin of Lord Hayward—who would have loved her and wedded her, perhaps, but for two reasons."

"Oh, indeed. Pray let me hear those two reasons," sneered the baronet.

"One was because she was so nearly related to him by blood—for she was the daughter of one of his aunts, who had eloped with and married a certain fortune-hunting lawyer of London named Amos Jarles. From that union was born Aspa Jarles, the cousin of Lord Hayward."

"That was one reason. Now the other."

Sir Alvick knew very well what that other reason was, but he desired to probe the mind of his visitor to the very core.

"If," thought the baronet, half closing his eyes, "I can discover all that this mysterious young man has learned, I shall then know what to do with him, and with that ugly fellow Hassan Wharfe."

He half closed his eyes, but they gleamed keenly and vigilantly upon Major Varly.

"The other reason, which you ask so innocently, Sir Alvick, is well known to you. It was because Lord Hayward knew that his cousin loved you."

"Oh, he knew that, did he?"

"He was confident of it, especially as she did not hesitate to tell him. But of this more hereafter. He did not know—he never did—that you were at that time secretly wedded to Aspa Jarles."

"It is extremely probable that no one else ever knew it—not even Aspa Jarles. But go on, young man."

"When Aspa Jarles—I should rightfully call her Aspa Ulster," continued the major, not heeding the sneer, "but for the present let it pass—as I said, that is an affair between you and Mr. Hassan Wharfe. When she discovered that you had become tired of your secret marriage, she had also grown tired of you. It was not her nature to love any one man long. But wives, even when they do not love their husbands, will hate those whom their husbands love."

"You are very wise for so young a man. But doubtless you have been well instructed by Aspa Jarles."

"You had so conducted affairs, Sir Alvick, that all the proofs of the marriage of Harlow Clayton to Aspa Jarles, all the proofs that Harlow Clayton was Alvick Ulster, were in your possession, or Aspa Jarles would have declared herself your lawful wife. But when she discovered that you intended to keep for ever concealed the fact that you were her husband, and she overheard it very soon, she had already ceased to love you—for, as I said, she was of a fickle, faithless, inconstant nature."

"It is very plain," thought the baronet, "that this young man does not believe that Aspa Jarles is his mother, or he would never thus assail her character. Perhaps he is the son of the marquis."

"She soon learned, too, that she was at your mercy," resumed Major Varly, "and fearing the scorn and reproach of her relatives, she fled, shortly before the birth of—Mr. Hassan Wharfe, who claims to be your son."

Sir Alvick swore a bitter oath in his heart that he would never acknowledge that man as his son.

It would be dreadful to be forced to acknowledge any one as his son, but to be compelled to face the world and say, "This is my legitimate son and heir, lately called Mr. Hassan Wharfe!" was maddening indeed.

"But though Aspa Jarles fled, hating you in her heart, she was vindictive, Sir Alvick, with sufficient cause to be so. She was watchful for an opportunity to deal you a severe blow, and very soon after Lady Matilda became the wife of Lord Hayward, Aspa Jarles penned that letter which I have said first aroused the jealousy of the deceived marquis."

"What said the letter?"

"It warned the viscount that you and Lady Matilda were lovers, before she became Marchioness of Galmount. It bade him ask the duke if you had not gained her love. He did ask the old man, and he denied it, for he dreaded the indignation of the marquis. But the letter said much more than I need repeat, so much that the marquis suspected the truth, and avoided his wife. He became convinced that she was guilty of the grossest deception, and imagined that she would hesitate at no deed of wickedness. In his trouble his mind became alarmed for the safety of his son, the only child of the late marchioness."

"Ah, it is right you should speak of that son. Though, why? For it is upon record that the late marquis was in mourning for the death of that son when he himself was slain, or committed suicide, as the case may be," said the baronet.

He had not for an instant believed that Major Hark Varly could be the child of Edward Fitz-Osborn, no matter what his pretensions might be, and for the reason he stated.

"It is true, Sir Alvick, that the marquis himself stated that his infant son died in Wales, and that when he was murdered, he was wearing mourning for that child; but I assert and can prove that the child was not dead, has not died to this day, and is now addressing you."

"Young man, nothing but your stupendous audacity allows me to listen to you. I know nothing to which I may compare that audacity, except it may be the cool impudence of Hassan Wharfe. You may be able to persuade a few that I ever bore the name of Harlow Clayton, or that I married Aspa Jarles, or that Hassan Wharfe is the son of Aspa Jarles and Harlow Clayton—I say, you may be able to persuade a few of those atrocious falsehoods, but to prove that the child Edward did not die, when it is recorded in the great family Bible of the house of Fitz-Osborn, and in the family records in the hand of the late marquis himself, that on the 15th of March, 1687, died Edward Charles Fitz-Osborn, only son and only child of Hayward Fitz-Osborn, Marquis of Galmount, and Alberta Maria Crowninshield, his marchioness—in the handwriting of the late marquis himself, mark me, it will be impossible to prove that the child did not die, to say nothing of proving, first, that it lived to be a man, and secondly, to prove that you are that child, grown to be a man."

Sir Alvick said this with a stern, mocking smile, and in a tone of profound, crushing scorn, but the

man with whom he had to deal smiled as mockingly back, and the depth of his voice was threat in itself as he replied:

"The records are as you say, Sir Alvick, and the date of the day upon which the unhappy marquis wrote them. Am I not right when I say that beneath those records are these words, also in his handwriting:

"With a sad and broken heart I, Hayward Fitz-Osborn, father of Edward Charles, do write the above on this the 18th of April, 1687."

"Your knowledge proves your familiarity with the records of the house of Fitz-Osborn, and nothing more," said the baronet, coldly, though he was startled by discovering the fact.

It was a proof that Major Hark Varly had very carefully surveyed the defences he was about to storm, if the citadel were not surrendered at his discretion.

"Listen, Sir Alvick. The marquis feared that Lady Matilda would at some future day desire to remove his son, if the child should stand between the inheritance and her offspring. He determined to guard this child so carefully that the evil-minded and ambitious woman, and all the world, should believe it dead. He therefore, in February, took his infant son to Glenwyth in Wales."

"When the child speedily sickened of fever and died on the 15th of March the same year," said the baronet, pointedly, yet with a flutter of alarm at his heart, for before that instant he had suspected that the child had not died, as the family records of the house of Fitz-Osborn stated.

"So the marquis intended that the world should believe," replied the major. "But the child, instead of sickening, lived, and was reared under the name I now bear—Hark Varly."

The baronet, though startled, remained scornfully silent, and the soldier continued:

"The marquis returned to Osborn Castle in mourning, and gave out the report that his son had died. All his retainers were put in mourning—Lady Matilda herself wore mourning—because, not one doubted that the late heir was dead. Remember that the records in the handwriting of the marquis bear this date, April 18th, 1687."

"No fear that I shall forget it, sir."

"Very well, Sir Alvick. Now, in certain documents, every word, line, and letter in the handwriting of the marquis, and dated April 25th, 1687, his signature witnessed by four credible persons, indeed each witness of noble birth, are these words:

"I, Hayward Fitz-Osborn, Marquis of Galmount, being of sane mind, and having the fear of Almighty God before my eyes, and in my soul, do hereby solemnly declare that the records of the death of my son, Edward Charles, made by me in the family Bible, and in the family records of my house, Fitz-Osborn of Galmount, and bearing date, April 18th, 1687, are false, as the said Edward Charles, my son by Lady Alberta Maria Crowninshield, my wife, and Marchioness of Galmount, is at this date, April 25th, 1687, alive and well, not far from the village of Glenwyth, in Wales, to which place, I his father, carried him, fearing for his safety. I affirm solemnly on this 25th day of April, 1687, that my son Edward Charles did not die on the 15th of March of this year."

"What more?" demanded the baronet, in a hollow voice, for the startling declaration had come upon him like a storm, or rather like an earthquake; it made all his plans reel, stagger, totter, and begin to crumble, threatening to bury him and all his dreams beneath the ruins.

"What more?" echoed Major Varly, almost fiercely. "What more there is, for the document is not of the past—it exists—you shall learn hereafter. Do you now begin to perceive that it is not simply possible, but very probable, that the child Edward Charles did not die?"

The baronet stared at the speaker, thinking:

"If he be not the son of Hayward Fitz-Osborn, he is as formidable as any son of the murdered man could be."

#### CHAPTER XI.

SIR ALVICK making no reply to the taunting question of Major Varly, the latter continued:

"I will leave the subject for a moment, and return to Lady Matilda and the marquis. What more the marquis solemnly affirms in that document, and how I am to prove that I am the child Edward Charles, I will tell when I see fit."

"You use the words and air of a master, Major Varly."

"I am not a supplicant, Sir Alvick," replied the soldier, very haughtily. "Report speaks very falsely of Sir Alvick Ulster, if he be to be swerved from any of his plans by supplication, even though human lives depended upon his mercy."

Sir Alvick, though he yearned to smite the speaker in the face, deemed it far more prudent to listen quietly to all he had to say.

The first surprise quickly vanished as he remembered that Aspa Jarles still lived, and that she, doubtless, was the heart and brain of a great and well-laid conspiracy, to avenge herself upon Lady Matilda and Sir Alvick Ulster, as follows:

To deprive Lord Peter of the marquise.

To thrust one of her sons—for he began to believe that she had three—into the title and estates of the late marquis.

To foist another upon him as his son and heir.

To drive Lady Matilda to the very madness of shame and disgrace, first by proving her infidelity to the late marquis, and, secondly, by proving her marriage with Sir Alvick null and void.

But here the conclusions of the baronet ended abruptly, for he thought of Hugh De Lisle, who had begun to prove his claim to be his son, but had said nothing of his mother.

"If Hugh De Lisle be also the son of Aspa Jarles," he reflected, "she must know it, and have some viscounty, baronetcy, or earldom in store for him. Certainly, they cannot all be my sons, for I was the father of but one by Aspa Jarles. Can it be true that Hassan Wharfe is that one? Impossible."

If what Major Varly had stated were true, then it was to be feared that Major Varly could prove himself to be the legitimate heir of the marquis, for Sir Alvick had heard often that Hark Varly had powerful friends near the Queen—nay, that the Queen herself was a personal friend of this mysterious Major Varly.

He held his peace, and eyed the stern young soldier sharply, weighing well every word he uttered.

"You, Sir Alvick, knew well the proud and sensitive temperament of the late marquis. It was you to whom he went for advice when he first thought of wedding Lady Matilda. Yes, to you, who at that time knew that Lady Matilda should be the wife of but one man—that man yourself. But for fear of Aspa Jarles you would have married Lady Matilda in spite of the refusal of her father. But at that time you were not fully ready to defy and deny Aspa Jarles, so you reluctantly advised Lord Hayward to wed Lady Matilda—and you did so because you feared the vengeance of her father, should he learn that you and his daughter had already mocked at the church and legal forms of marriage. You knew the haughty heart of the marquis would conceal his disgrace, should he discover it. You knew that Lady Matilda would never betray you to her husband, for she was never a woman to be frightened into anything."

"You are very positive in the expression of your opinion of Lady Matilda," interrupted the baronet. "No doubt, you have a personal acquaintance with her."

"You are sneering, Sir Alvick, for you know very well that Lady Matilda and I have never met upon terms of acquaintance. But I have seen and studied her face and character closely. Besides, I have been minutely informed of her character by one who knew and knows her well."

"Aspa Jarles, of course?"

"I do not say that, Sir Alvick. But you advised the late marquis to marry Lady Matilda, and she became his wife. He speedily learned the grossness of the disgrace inflicted upon him. In February he carried his son to Wales. In April he recorded the fictitious disease of that son, because he feared the evil nature of Lady Matilda. After his return to Osborn Castle he became morose and moody, avoiding the society of his former friends, yet keeping his fearful anguish of soul in his own heart."

"No doubt, Lady Matilda knew his suspicions," remarked the baronet.

"Could it have been possible for her not to have known that he abhorred her? Sir Alvick, that you may know how thoroughly I am informed of the past, I will relate an incident which occurred on the day after the marriage of the marquis to Lady Matilda—an incident connected with a ring."

"Connected with a ring!" exclaimed the baronet, as his thoughts recurred to the ring in his vest, the ring which had been shaken from the glove of Hugh De Lisle.

"Yes, with a ring. You were conversing with the bride in one of the reception parlours of Osborn Castle. You and she were alone, doubtless congratulating each other upon the success of your plot, to screen Lady Matilda from the consequences of her conduct. The marquis entered gaily, for he had not yet suspected that he had been betrayed into a marriage with an infamous woman. He had not then received the letter which aroused his suspicions of the truth. He entered gaily, saying:

"Lady Matilda, I could not find it yesterday, or I would have used it at our marriage ceremony. I mean this ring."

"Lady Matilda took the ring—a plain, massive, wedding-ring from his hand, and examined it, smiling. Upon its inner surface were engraved two letters, 'H' and 'M,' in a monogram, and the scriptural text, 'Prov. ch. xii. v. 4.'"

"I do not understand this, my lord," she said, inquiringly, for being by no means familiar with the Scriptures, she was totally ignorant of the words of the text pointed out."

Major Varly paused for an instant, for at that moment he saw the dusty plumes in the helmet of the armour-clad effigy, tremble as if agitated by a breath of wind.

The movement of the plumes was caused by a violent tremulousness, which had overpowered for a moment the man concealed behind the effigy. Years of active field service had made Hugh De Lisle a practised sentinel, and he could stand for hours in a single position without moving a muscle. But when Major Varly began to speak of a ring, and mentioned a text which identified the ring of which he spoke with that which Hugh De Lisle had possessed from his earliest youth, the nerves of the hidden officer became so excited with eagerness, that he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the effigy to steady himself. The vibration of his touch caused the agitation of the plumes, and almost the detection of Hugh De Lisle. He perceived his error instantly, and withdrew his hand. Major Varly attributing the movement of the tall and dusty plumes to some sudden gust of wind, again fixed his eyes upon the face of the baronet and resumed his conversation.

"Lady Matilda," replied the marquis, "I placed that ring upon the finger of the late marchioness when she became my wife, and she had that text inscribed within it soon after, saying, 'Should temptation ever assail me, let this text be my amulet and talisman against the tempter, whether the temptation assail me from within or without my heart.' And, Lady Matilda, the late marchioness was indeed a crown to her husband. We were so happy in our wedded life that I now present the ring to you, praying that the same happiness and purity may ever attend our union."

"But this monogram?" asked Lady Matilda.

"It is composed of the letters 'H' and 'M'—the initial of my Christian name, Hayward; and that of the middle name of the late marchioness, Maria. As your name is Matilda, the monogram still suits."

"But the text. I know nothing of the Bible," said Lady Matilda, with a laugh.

"At these words the brow of the marquis became clouded. His first wife had been learned in the Scriptures, and was a most pious lady. He was greatly shocked on hearing his newly-made wife so boldly and carelessly avow, not simply that she did not remember that particular text, but that she knew nothing of the Bible."

"The marquis himself was deeply pious in his nature, and you, Sir Alvick, can not have forgotten his start of surprise, his face of indignant reproof, when Lady Matilda said, with so much levity—I know nothing of the Bible."

The baronet, who had not forgotten the scene, despite the lapse of years, was startled by the words of the speaker. He remembered, too, that, besides himself, no one was present at the interview of which Major Varly spoke.

He was amazed at the fidelity with which every word that had passed was reported. Whoever had told all this to Hark Varly must have been present or have been spying.

If Hark Varly's informant was present, which one of the three had told him?

Not Lord Hayward, for Lord Hayward died when this mysterious young man must have been an infant.

Not Lady Matilda, for she was not acquainted with Hark Varly; and, had she known him, she would never have related the incidents of that interview.

"Certainly, I have never breathed it to any one," mused the baronet. "It is plain, therefore, that some one was spying, was eaves-dropping."

It flashed upon Sir Alvick's astute and wily brain that no common person, nor common intellect, actuated by mere vulgar curiosity to spy and listen, could have so faithfully and vividly retained every word of that interview, of no less than twenty-three years before.

"Whoever was listening," thought Sir Alvick, "did it for some deep purpose, and carefully, minutely recorded in writing the incidents and conversation of that interview between the marquis, Lady Matilda, and myself."

This conclusion was reached by the baronet with the rapidity of light. He made no reply to the implied question couched in the tone of his visitor, and the latter continued:

"The marquis, vexed, startled, amazed by the levity, no less than by the words of Lady Matilda,

said quickly, though gently, for he was ever morbidly sensitive, lest his words should wound the feelings of others:

"Lady Matilda, I am sorry that you avow your ignorance with a laugh. But I cannot blame you, when I remember that your father is a sceptic. Mr. Ulster, do you recall the words of the text?"

"You started, Sir Alvick, and turned your face aside to hide your emotion, your palpable guilt, as your eyes rested upon the inscription within the ring. You were familiar with the words of Holy Writ, Sir Alvick," said Major Varly, with cutting irony. "Indeed, why should you not have been, since your parents, and afterwards your guardian, intended that you should become a shining light of the church, a bishop, perhaps—a most virtuous clergyman, undoubtedly."

The baronet set his teeth hard, for the soldier spoke truly. He had been educated to assume holy orders—an education he had scorned, repudiated, scoffed at, when he became his own master at the age of twenty-one.

"It was not necessary for you to refer to the Bible to understand the text, nor the pertinence thereof," said Major Varly, pointedly. "But you dared not trust your voice to repeat the words of Solomon. You said, unscrupulously:

"Ah, my lord, it is not necessary that Lady Matilda should know the proverb."

"But Lady Matilda was not to be put off, and she ordered a Bible to be brought to her, and finding the text, she read:

"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband; but she that maketh ashamed, is as rottenness in his bones!"

"No sooner had she read this text than she sank down in a swoon at the feet of her husband. The fear that the marquis had already discovered her infamy and his disgrace, smote upon her heart like the thrust of a knife. She erred, for the marquis had not suspected. He sprang forward to aid her, and you, too—you saying:

"My lord, she, doubtless, was overwhelmed by what she must have imagined an insult."

"The marquis reproached himself bitterly. He threw himself upon his knees before Lady Matilda, when she had regained her consciousness, and implored her forgiveness, avowing that he had not so much as dreamed of wounding her feelings, her pride, her honour—heaven save the mark!" added the major, with a fierce gleam in his dark and vengeful eyes.

"There is one thing very certain," thought the baronet, with a shudder. "this young man undoubtedly believes himself to be the son of the late marquis, and his heart rankles with bitter hate towards Lady Matilda."

"Lady Matilda," continued the major, sarcastically, "was pleased to yield to the prayers of her husband. She forgave him—upon one condition."

"Ah! the condition," remarked the baronet, carelessly, as if the whole affair were not of the slightest importance to him.

"Upon the condition that Lord Hayward should never venture to ask her—most pure and virtuous wife!—to wear that ring as an amulet, a talisman against temptation. No doubt," added Hark Varly, with one of his mocking, insulting, yet terribly significant smiles, "the meaning of an old English proverb struck Lady Matilda's mind powerfully, and put to rout the power of the wise king of the Hebrews."

"What old English proverb, sir?"

"It is folly to lock the stable after the steed has been stolen," replied the major. "But she forgave him—kind lady, generous lady—and all went on merrily until the marquis received the letter penned by Aspa Jarles. I have told you how the tidings in that letter affected the marquis. He avoided Lady Matilda, he avoided everyone. He walked alone. He rode alone. He clothed himself with solitude as with a garment. He desired to avenge himself upon you, but he feared the world might suspect why he sought vengeance. He brooded over his wrong, and secretly planned vengeance. The world became hateful to him. He secured the safety of his heir, and intended to leave England for years."

"But your machinations were rampant, your ambition unscrupulous, your cunning great. You were the nearest heir to the rich baronetcy of Ulster, for the then possessor, Sir Malcolm Ulster, was a widower, was somewhat advanced in years, had but one child, and that child a daughter—not your present ward, Miss Evaline, who is but eighteen years old."

"While the marquis brooded over his wrongs, you learned that there existed a bitter personal feud between the marquis and the baronet, in addition to that family feud between the houses of Ulster and Fitz-Osborn, which had descended from father to son for several generations."

"You, by this time, Sir Alvick, had fortified your position. You had made it impossible for Aspa Jarles, even should she desire it, to prove that you were the Harlow Clayton she might claim as her husband, and even should she be able to prove that Harlow Clayton was Alvick Ulster, you had made proof of lawful, valid marriage impossible."

"I recognize the vindictiveness of Aspa Jarles in all he says," thought the baronet. "When she parted from me, she avowed that she hated me, and that though years might pass before she struck at me, the blow would only gather force by the delay, and ruin irretrievably when it fell. Fierce heart, I remember you well. You were not with me long, but one needs not to hold his hand long in the fire to be burned."

Major Varly had made no pause in his recital to cause these thoughts in Sir Alvick's mind. They had flashed upward like sparks from live embers when rudely stirred.

"It was then that you and Lady Matilda conceived another atrocious plot, another infamous crime. I say Lady Matilda and you, for in evil you were one, inseparable."

Hugh De Lisle, listening eagerly in his concealment, and knowing well the fiercely haughty temperament of the baronet, could not but wonder why Sir Alvick so patiently listened to the audacious language of Hark Varly.

That Major Hark Varly was audacious even to folly, that he was reckless, fiery, impulsive, fond of strife, careless of danger, fearing nothing, insolent, overbearing, determined, and withal a very formidable person, Hugh De Lisle well knew.

But so he knew also Sir Alvick Ulster was, who sat there so quietly, apparently unmoved by the torrent of abuse, accusation and invective discharged upon him.

There could be, thought Hugh De Lisle, but one solution of this mystery—the baronet must be paralyzed, petrified by his consciousness of detected guilt.

Hugh De Lisle's cheeks had often grown pale and red by turns, as he noted all that had passed since he had entered that apartment, for he firmly believed that he was the son of Sir Alvick and Aspa Jarles.

Why he believed this must be told at a more advanced stage of our story.

He had been startled by the boldly asserted claims of Hassan Wharrie, and still more amazed by the repeated corroboration of those statements by Major Varly; yet, for reasons hereafter to be stated, his belief, his firm conviction, that he was the lawful and only son of Sir Alvick Ulster and Aspa Jarles had not been shaken.

He had not sought an interview with the wicked baronet to claim to be his heir. He had neither love nor respect for Sir Alvick. He had no ambition to be his acknowledged heir and son. Not he; for his noble and honourable soul, full of chivalrous aspirations and refined precepts, scorned the degraded principles which actuated the soul of the baronet.

He agreed with this mysterious Major Varly, in esteeming it to be anything but an honour to be the son of Alvick Ulster—and Aspa Jarles. He had sought a secret and forced interview to rescue from infamy a name he had made almost illustrious, until the hate and malice of Sir Alvick Ulster had blighted his reputation.

That purpose attained, and Hugh De Lisle restored to life and untainted and untarnished fame, he intended to push on in the high and honourable career his noble nature had resolved to pursue, so long as heaven might permit him to live.

He wondered as he listened, and inwardly exclaimed:

"Oh, heaven! what a father have I to claim!"

(To be continued.)

THE POLICE AND THE DOGS.—It is said that the police have been severely bitten in several instances in their efforts to carry out the wishes of Sir R. Mayne since he has turned Mussulman. The police prefer taking up lap-dogs, and show great friendship for the bull-dog, preferring to let him pass on.

ROYAL VISIT TO REINHARDSBRUNN.—Her Majesty the Queen will later in the season visit the Castle of Reinhardsbrunn, near Gotha. The Princess Royal of Prussia is expected at that castle, where she will sojourn for a few weeks with her august mother.

HOW THE POOR ARE ROBBED.—Mr. C. M. Owen, chief of the Oxfordshire Constabulary, in his report to the county magistrates, thus states the results of an investigation made by the county inspectors of weights and measures, relative to the short weight of bread delivered to the poor in receipt of outdoor relief by the bakers who contract for the various unions in the county. In the Banbury Union alone

quartern loaves were 26½ oz. deficient. In the Bicester Union 55 quartern loaves were 123½ oz. short. In the Chipping Norton Union 325 were 520½ oz. short. In the Headington Union 82 were of light weight by 36½ oz. In the Witney Union 86 were short, wanting 204 oz. In the Woodstock Union nine were deficient of 21½ oz. In the Burford district of the Witney Union 118 quartern loaves were 126½ oz. short. The total deficiency in 634 loaves was 1,058½ oz. A discussion ensued, in which the vice-chairman (Mr. Thornhill), Mr. Henley, the Revs. W. C. Risley, T. Curme, and Mr. Piret took part. It was resolved to send the report to the different Boards of Guardians, and also that the matter should be laid before the Poor-Law Board.

### FACETIÆ.

WHAT did the spider do when he came out of the ark?—He took a fly, and went home.

A MAN is a mere telescope in a woman's hands: she draws him out, looks him through, shuts him up, and shelves him.

A THOUGHTFUL and provident old gentleman is going to get his life insured, "so that when he dies he can have something to live on, and not be dependent on the cold charities of the world as he once was."

A LADY was decanting on the virtues of her son, a young gentleman given to backing horses and bills, who had uttered many promissory notes to the small benefit of creditors. "Don't you think, my dear sir," she said, addressing a friend who had suffered through this pleasing trait in his character, "that he is a very promising young man?" "Very promising, my lady—but he never pays."

### HUMBOLDT AS A WAG.

Humboldt was a wag. There was an English lady at Paris on whom he chose to play the following trick. She was a titled lady, and her name was Jane. She was once about writing a note in Humboldt's presence, and was beginning "Lady presents," &c.

Humboldt assured her that French usage required "Lady Jane," not "Lady —."

"How am I to say Lady Jane?" asked she.

"Oh! *Dame Jeanne*, of course," said the hoaxer.

Now this is a phrase which signifies an enormous wine cask. The Parisians were greatly edified; or amused, which is all one with them.

THOMAS MOORE, the poet, observing himself to be eyed by two pretty young ladies, inquired of a friend, who was near enough to hear their remarks, what it was they said of him. "Why, the tall one said she was delighted to have the opportunity of looking upon so celebrated a personage."—"Indeed!" said the gratified little fellow; "and did she say anything more?"—"Yes; she said she was the more pleased because she had taken in your celebrated almanack for the last five or six years!"

In Spain beggars demand alms on horseback, thus claiming double to support their horse as well as themselves. On the Paris and Strasbourg Railway a travelling musician has for many years been a second-class subscriber for some ten miles of the rail distant from Paris. He travels in the third class, sings, accompanying himself with a guitar, sends round the hat, and the train stopping changes into another third-class carriage. He collects a good deal of money, and his brother works the idea at the Strasbourg end of the line.

WHAT a very tremendous person is Mr. George Francis Train! We do not ever remember an incident so grand as his appeal from a Dublin bankruptcy judge "to the Army and Navy of the United States of America." We once heard of a small child, reproved by its parents, "appealing unto Cæsar;" but that is nothing to Mr. Train, who appeals, not to the President, but directly to the Army and Navy of the United States, who he evidently thinks will rise against the orders of their commanders, in his favour, invade the Bankruptcy Court in Dublin, and set the captive free.

A WOMAN was pleading last week against her husband before a Parisian judge. She accused him of being a lazy fellow who lived on what money she could earn, and did nothing himself. The husband handed to the judge a certificate from the head cook of Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, stating that on all occasions when banquets have been given at the Palais Royal the defendant has acted as *cuisinier supplémentaire*. To this M. Mameri, the counsel for the wife, replied that the certificate in question proved his case, seeing that for the last five years it is notorious that the kitchen fire at the Palais Royal had never been alight.

PAY THE COOK.—At the Chester County Court, Constant De Moor, a French cook, sued Mrs. Porter

of the Queen's Hotel, for £l., for the services of his wife for a week, at the time of the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to Chester. The plaintiff said that there were no men cooks to be had in Liverpool, and Mrs. Porter requested him to bring his wife to assist. "De Prince paid de very great compliments, but he did not know de people were not paid for de cooking."—(Laughter.) "But," added the plaintiff, "I will write to him a letter dat de people are not paid for cooking his dinner."—(Laughter.) De customers did complain of de hotel, and my wife vas vid me on de Cup Day to redeem de honour of de hotel back again.—(Laughter.) Last year day vas in a fearful mess and confusion. After de work is vell done dey refuse to pay de money." His Honour: "Plenty of compliments, but no money."—(Laughter.) For the defence it was shown that De Moor had accepted payment of his weekly bills, without referring at all to the services of his wife, which Mrs. Porter said were not authorized by her. The court gave judgment for the defendant.

### A HAT IN THE AIR.

A good story is told of Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. The doctor accompanied some fair ladies to the navy-yard; he was eloquently describing on a ferry-buff the beauty of the surrounding scenery, when a puff of wind gently lifted his hat off his head, and carried it like a bird flapping its wings up the river.

"Good heavens!" cried the doctor, "there's a poor fellow's hat in the air. Why, ladies, that is a joke I always laugh at."

The roar of laughter which greeted him all round, and the direction all eyes took to his head, induced him to put his hand there.

"By the powers," quoth he, "it's my hat!" But his native wit returning, he said, as he saw it fall into the waters of the East River, "That's true to nature; a beaver always takes to the water."

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—The overseers of Salford have arrived at the conclusion that "they have no alternative but to place all duly qualified females on the next Parliamentary register for the borough." The new Reform Act distinctly limits the franchise to "every man" who satisfies the conditions laid down; but the overseers are of opinion that this does not necessarily exclude women, as an Act passed in the thirteenth year of her Majesty provides "that all words importing the masculine gender shall be deemed and taken to include females, and the singular to include the plural and the plural the singular, unless the contrary as to gender or number is expressly provided."

### RAZORS AND BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

Only Son: "If I can't have a razor I won't go back to boarding-school! All the big boys have them, and laugh at us little fellows, and call us girls and babies. Besides, a beard will soon come, if one shaves every day."

SCOTCH DRYNESS.—An English gentleman travelling in the north of Scotland in the olden time, came up to a macadamiser of the roads, and, while he was busy breaking the road metal, asked him if the direction in which he was going was the way to Aberdeen. The knight of the hammer, glad to rest himself a little, leaned on the top of his hammer, which had rather a long handle, and quietly said to the gentleman, "Now where came ye from?" The gentleman, nettled at not receiving a direct answer, asked him, "What business have you with where I came from?" The macadamiser, taking up his hammer, and beginning to resume his occupation, said, "Oh, just as little business as with where you are going to!"

### CARRYING HOME WORK.

Swell: "Now, father, how can I keep up for a man of fashion, if you will carry home your work? You really must not recognize me!"

Father: "Werry good! I'd save by it, for you won't come to borrow (or beg) money from me, if I cut your acquaintance. So, when you are short of funds again, I'll employ you to carry home work, if you want to earn a honest penny."

A most amusing circumstance occurred the other morning in Hyde Park, in consequence of a policeman "apprehending" some dogs. A gentleman's servant took his master's three large and powerful animals into the park for an airing, when a policeman informed him that dogs were not permitted to run about there, especially if unmuzzled, and that he must do his duty and convey them to the station. The animals having been got together, the policeman strapped them to each other, and then taking off his belt, fastened it to the strap, the more conveniently to lead them away. The wily servant had not gone more than 100 yards, when he gave a shrill whistle, and away bounded the dogs towards him, dragging the man in blue after them. He tried hard to restrain

them until, quite out of breath, he was compelled to let them go, amidst the shouts and laughter of a number of persons, especially the boys.

AN EXTRAORDINARY RISK.—From the case of Risk Allah against the British and Foreign Marine Insurance Company, it seems that the company consider that though they insure against any ordinary risk, they decline the responsibility of Risk Allah.—*Punch*.

THE PRACTICE OF BARY FARMING.—The frequent mention of Baby Farming suggests the question: "What crops may a baby be expected to yield?" Thereto the only answer that can well be given is: "The usual exanthemata of infancy." But, at this rate, all the harvest a baby can afford would be reaped by the doctor.—*Punch*.

### PRACTICAL INCREDULITY.

Commenting on Mr. Monk's Bill for the removal of the electoral disabilities of revenue officers, the *Post* observes:

"We know that the Commissioners of Inland Revenue object to their officers having even any religious opinions."

For that matter there is no difference between the Inland Revenue and the Excise and Customs. Now the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, some of them being Scotchmen, are doubtless familiar with the celebrated song of Robert Burns, relating how:

"The de'il cam' fiddling through the town,

And danced awa' wi' the Exciseman."

It is easy to see why they should wish their subordinates to be free-thinkers. Not believing in the personage named by Burns, those officers will never be deterred from doing their work by any fear that he will dance away with the Collector of Income-Tax.—*Punch*.

SPINSTERS OF ARTS.—In his scheme for the establishment of a Ladies' College, somewhere between London and Cambridge, Mr. Llewelyn Davies proposes to take as a model the Cantabrigian "poll" examination. Very good; only the ladies, with their fondness for diminutives, will be sure to turn "poll" into "Polly."—*Punch*.

### A WOMAN'S QUESTION AND ANSWER.

The reason assigned by men why women ought not to have votes is in fact a woman's reason—because they oughtn't. Unless, indeed, you say:

Why shouldn't females vote as well as males?

Because the women don't push down Park pales.—*Punch*.

### EGYPTIAN FINANCE.

We have often of late had long and elaborate articles in the papers under this heading. They might be compressed into one sentence. Egyptian Finance is for the Pasha to take all he can get, and quarrel for the rest. Immail's real revenue is black mail, levied indiscriminately on all the Pasha's subjects, and all other Egyptian residents whom he can plunder with impunity.

As the Pasha never pays a debt, he is naturally disgusted with the Consular Courts, which are the only courts in Egypt rude enough to give judgment against the Pasha in suite by the Pasha's creditors. He therefore proposes to alter the capitulations under which these courts exist. There is nothing wonderful in that. What is wonderful, considering that the British is the most respectable and independent of all the Consular Courts, and that many of the Pasha's principal creditors are English subjects, is, that Lord Stanley should be in favour of the alteration. It is meant to make the Pasha independent, he says. We don't exactly see why he should be made independent of law and justice, and that is the independence he most values, and can most safely rely on courts of his own to secure for him.—*Punch*.

EGGSCRAPE.—A correspondent who ought to know better writes to ask us whether the accidental foul at a late regatta was in any way connected with Chickens Hazard.—*Fun*.

LAND AT LAST.—A would-be contributor, nothing discouraged by previous refusals, intimates to us that he is about to take a tour through the Principality in the hope of there picking up a few 'Appy thoughts.—*Fun*.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE having constituted himself the Bashi of London has given orders that his array shall henceforth be known as Muzzlemen.—*Tomahawk*.

WHEREAS *Cave canem* has been hitherto considered a good classical quotation, this is to give notice, that any person wishing to caution his fellows with "Beware of the Dog," shall henceforth use the Latin words *Cave Maynem*—Beware of the Bob!—*Tomahawk*.

THE authorities at the Horse Guards seem determined on making the uniform of Line officers as "simple" as possible. Each new regulation curtails some one of the trifling adornments which have

hitherto saved the uniform from being absolutely hideous. It is now some years since the great redeeming point, the epaulettes, were abolished; since then, from time to time, gold lace has been narrowed, trowers have been shorn of their scarlet stripes, and the shako has been transformed into a meagre imitation of the head-dress of the shoeblack brigade. But reform has not stopped even here—the very buttons have not been permitted to rest in peace—an order has just appeared curtailing their number on the tunic by ten. Where is this fever for a “sensible uniform” to end? The dress of the English officer has long been celebrated as the ugliest, as well as the most expensive in Europe. We wonder if all these alterations make any difference in its cost? The Horse Guards’ authorities should look to this—if the uniform must be nasty, for goodness sake let it be cheap!—*Tomahawk.*

REQUISITES FOR THE SEASIDE.

Now that the season at the seaside is about to commence, young ladies should at once provide themselves with the following requisites:

A powerful *lorgnette* to be turned towards the monsters of the deep.

Manners transplanted from Cremorne.

Habits that are as unbecoming as their scanty attire.

Language that has gone to the bad.

Finally, novels that are no better.—*Tomahawk.*

**BRITISH MUSEUM.**—A new department containing billiard rooms will immediately be added. The play will be under the general superintendence of the librarian, who will be assisted by an efficient staff of markers. 100*l.* a game to be the limit for the present. Outside bets to be paid before leaving the building.—*Tomahawk.*

FIRST LOVE.

Ask a very young lady what she thinks of first love, and she will tell you that it is the quintessence of all that is ecstatic, compared with which any so-called love that may come after it, must be as sky-blue skimmed milk to clotted cream. Put the same question to an enamoured young gentleman of eighteen, and he will vow that it is the Cluquot champagne of human existence, to which all subsequent emotions dignified with the name of love, are mere cider. But the nature of both sexes, in nine cases out of ten, can tell a different story. Boy-and-girl love is but a faint shadow of the intense passion which often overcomes and enthralles the middle-aged. The capacity for loving is not fully developed in the young miss who has just cast aside her doll, nor in the youth whose chin is but newly acquainted with the razor. The enthusiasm in these novices in the tender passion is generally evanescent. Of course there are exceptional cases, but, as a general rule, love does not take firm root in the heart before the age of twenty-five. Professions of undying devotion from young men of nineteen and twenty are not to be trusted. The question which a lady who receives an offer of marriage should consider, is not merely whether she has won the affections of her admirer, but also whether, if won, she can keep them. To have and to hold are two things.

**PRESS MESSAGES BY THE ATLANTIC CABLE.**—The sums paid for messages by the Atlantic Cable by the English press for a year amounted to a total of 1,400*l.* against exactly as many thousands paid by the American newspapers.

The third portion of the Thames Embankment on the Middlesex side of the river was commenced June 28th. The work extends from the Temple to Blackfriars Bridge, and the undertaking must be completed in a year according to the terms of the contract.

**LORD BROUGHAM AND THE HOUSE OF VAUX.**—Lord Brougham took his seat in the House of Lords, in order, we believe, that he might be present at the expected division upon the Irish Church Suspension Bill. The ceremony was remarkable from the circumstance that the noble lord and his two supporters, Lord Dacre and Lord Vaux of Harrowden, represented all the branches of the illustrious house of Vaux. Harold de Vaux, Lord of Vaux in Normandy, had three sons, Hubert, Randolph, and Robert. From Hubert descended the Barons Vaux of Gillesland, from whom, through the family of Multon, the barony passed to the Dacres. Randolph, the second son, was ancestor of Vaux of Tryer-mayne and Catterlen and in the female line of Lord Brougham and Vaux. Robert, the third son, was ancestor of Elias Vaux, who married the heiress of Harrowden, and from him descended, in the female line, the present Lord Vaux of Harrowden.

**THE WILL OF LORD BROUGHAM.**—The will of the late Right Honourable Henry, Lord Brougham

and Vaux, of Brougham Hall, Westmoreland, who died on the 7th May, at Cannes, was proved on the 17th June by his brother William, the present Lord, the sole executor. The personal property is sworn under 2,000*l.* The will, which is dated the 8th of December, 1860, is all in the deceased's handwriting; it is written on one side of a sheet of paper, and on the other side there is a lithograph of his seat, Brougham Hall. The testator, after reciting that by two deeds, dated the 18th of March, 1847, and the 16th of November, 1857, he has settled and disposed of the whole of his real estates in a manner perfectly satisfactory to his mind, goes on to say: “So far as I lawfully can I confirm these deeds; yet, having regard to the want of any place of safe custody publicly authorized, so often complained of by me, and to the accidents happening at the offices of solicitors and elsewhere, I think it right to provide for the event of the deeds I have referred to being lost or destroyed, and no satisfactory evidence of their execution or contents being forthcoming.” In this event, he then gives and devises all his real estate, situated in England to his brother William, his heirs and assigns, in fee, and likewise bequeaths to him all his personal estate whatsoever and wheresoever.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.

LONG ago, at the time I was sweet seventeen, I stood by my mirror one fair night in May, Half-merry, half-sorrowful, gazing between The ebon-dark tresses which now are so gray; As I parted each braid, in a whisper I said, To only my shadow, which smiled silently,— “Ah! they come, and they go, but there's no one, heigho! Who cares for a berry-brown maiden like me!” Then pouting, I turned from the russet-cheeked lass, Who looked still more dun in her snowy-white gown, And watched the clear moonlight which streamed on the grass, And heard the sweet night chimes ring out in the town. And I said, “If I knew that the gossips say true, That a charm's in the dew which steeps the May lea, I would steal in the morn to the sward 'neath the thorn, And try if its daisies hold lilies for me!” No soul seemed astir as I stood in the porch, And ran to the grassy nook blushing the while, But as I was kneeling I glowed like a torch, For somebody spoke to me over the stile, And somebody sprang o'er the hedgerow, and sang,— “Why run, bonny lass, from a neighbour like me? And why rob each blade of its dew, nut-brown maid, When long bath my heart owned none fairer than thee.” J. J. L.

GEMS.

FRUIT trees are more ornamental than the most fanciful shrubs.

BREVITY and punctuality are not the trifling virtues too many good people seem by their speech and procrastination to deem them.

Let us never meddle with strife if we can help it, and let us have as little to do as we can with the angry and the furious; but let us always stand by the right, and let our silence, if not our words, rebuke all wrong-doers.

FOOD VALUE OF THE POTATO.

THERE is probably no other vegetable food, except wheaten bread, of which so much can be fairly said in its favour. Its merits, however, vary much with the kind of “seed,” the period of maturity, and the soil in which they are grown. That kind should be preferred which becomes mealy on boiling, and which, when well cooked, can be thoroughly crushed with the finger. The potato which is known as “waxy,” and those which remain somewhat hard when boiled, do not digest so readily as the mealy kind, but for that very reason they are said to be more satisfying. It is not material in reference to nourishment whether the potato be boiled or roasted, since in both methods it should be well cooked.

In point of economy and convenience, however, it has been found better to boil than to roast them; for, whilst the loss in boiling upon 1 lb. of potatoes scarcely exceeds half an ounce, that in the most careful roasting is 2 oz. to 3 oz. It is also more economical to cook them in their skins, and peel them immediately before they are eaten; but this is not very convenient in many families, and the colour of the potato is not quite so agreeable as that of those

which have been boiled after peeling. When they are peeled before boiling, and particularly when they are small, and the operation is performed carelessly, from one-third to one-fourth of the whole weight of the potato is lost, and if there be no pig to eat the peelings the whole is wasted; whilst the weight of the peel which is removed after boiling would not amount to more than 1 oz. in the pound. When potatoes have been roasted, the loss in weight from the skin and drying is more than one-fourth of the weight before cooking. An average sample of potato, after it has been peeled, contains 11 per cent. of carbon and 0.35 per cent. of nitrogen; and hence in each pound there are 770 grains of carbon and 24 grains of nitrogen, and it is greatly inferior to bread.

The economy of its use depends upon its cost, so that in times when potatoes are sold at 4d. and 1d. per lb. they are a very dear food as compared with household flour, whilst they are a very cheap food when produced by the labourer at the cost of the “seed” and the rent of land. Thus, at 4d. per lb., only 1024 grains of carbon and 32 grains of nitrogen will be obtained for 1d.; when the cost is 1d. per lb., the quantities will be reduced to 770 grains and 24 grains. When the labourer, however, can obtain 50 bushels of potatoes from a quarter of an acre of land, at a cost of about 30s. for seed and rent, he will have more than 7 lb. of potatoes for 1d., and the quantity of carbon and nitrogen thus obtained for that sum be 5770 grains and 200 grains.

If, however, he were to sell a large part of his crop at the market price, he could procure with the money thus obtained far more nutriment in the form of flour than would have been derived from that portion of his potatoes. The weight of potatoes which alone would supply the daily nutriment required by a man would be about 6 lb. in reference to the carbon, and 8 lb. in reference to the nitrogen; but when a labourer in the west of Ireland lives upon this food he is allowed 10½ lb. daily, besides a large supply of buttermilk; and as both these kinds of food are cheap in that locality, the proceeding is even then an economical one.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It appears that during the past year 476,946 persons have passed through the principal northern ports of France, of which the following is an epitome:—Calais, 199,837; Boulogne, 152,931; Dieppe, 88,294; Le Havre, 16,177; and Ostend, 19,707.

**GAMBLING AT HOMBURG.**—The gambling at Homburg has commenced in earnest for the season. One winner pocketed 350,000 francs the other day (4,000*l.*) Does he consider the amount of misery he has caused to the poor proprietor of the gambling-tables? Poor fellow!

**PARIS LEECH MARKET.**—Paris is the best market in Europe for leeches. The mouth of the Danube is now the best fishing-ground, and from Trieste no less than 120,000*l.* in value of leeches are annually sent to Paris. But the leech most in fashion just now is a native of Australia; he does his work in a shorter period than any other.

**DISEASED FISH.**—Mr. W. B. Towse, the clerk to the Fishmongers' Company, has presented to the Court of Assistants an account of the fish seized in the month of May by the fishmasters appointed by the company at and near Billingsgate market and on board boats lying off that place. The following were the numbers of the fish:—Bream, 42; cod, 490; conger eels, 7; crabs, 930; dabs, 14,150; eels, 5; escallops, 60; garnets, 2,040; haddock, 5,400; herrings, 12,325; ling, 7; lobsters, 68; mackerel, 308; perch, 15; plaice, 6,813; roach, 220; salmon, 3; skate, 88; soles, 803; thornbacks, 25; trout, 41; turbot, 59; turtle, 8; and whiting, 48,157. There were also seized 14 bushels of periwinkles, 1,356 gallons of shrimps, 52 bushels of whelks, and 628 gallons of whitebait.

**REMARKABLE DESTRUCTION OF WASPS.**—Not long ago a raid was made upon the foxes on the fine old estate of Mr. T. F. Brockholes, at Cloughton, near Preston, and large numbers of them were killed. Since then there has been a great slaughter among the wasps. The squire, wishing to prevent or diminish as much as possible the ravages of the wasps during the summer among his fruit, offered a bonus of a penny per head on every wasp that was caught and killed within one mile of his residence, Cloughton Hall. These for the most part would be female wasps which had survived the winter, and were preparing materials for their nests for the purpose of depositing their eggs. The children of the tenants and workmen on the estate, hearing of the proffered bonus, rushed forth with ardour, and made a regular raid upon the wasps. In the course of a month the number of wasps killed was 2,568, for which, at one penny each, the sum of 10*l.* 14s. has been paid by the squire.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R.—It would not be subject to duty.  
KATE BRADFORD.—Declined with thanks.  
A COUNTRY GIRL.—You have probably made a mistake in the spelling of the name. Write to us again.

J. S. R.—The ceremony should be performed according to the rites of both churches, otherwise disputes might arise.

OMEGA.—1. We endeavour to give our best attention and consideration to all communications sent to us. 2. Hand-writing very fair.

POETRY.—"Thoughts of a Dying Youth," by R. S. R., are crude in conception, and too lengthy for our columns; therefore are declined with thanks.

KATE.—When soups and gravies are to be kept from day to day in warm weather, they should be heated every day, put into fresh scalded pans or tureens, and placed in a cool larder.

A. M. F.—1. The defect you speak of arises from such various causes it is impossible to advise you. Apply to a medical man, who will no doubt prescribe some remedy. 2. Certainly not.

AWT MARY.—Apply by letter or personally to Mr. Butler, Dramatic Agent, Bow-street, Covent-garden, who will give you every information. Terms vary according to the professional position of the teacher.

ARGUSTA.—A woman can obtain a magistrate's order of protection, but if she have been living abroad, it will be difficult to make out a case sufficient to justify the magistrate granting such protection order.

CONRAD.—The word esplanade means an open, level space of ground, separating the citadel of a fortress from the town, and intended to prevent any person approaching the town without being seen from the citadel.

NICHOLAS.—Caponiere means a covered passage across the ditch of a fortified place, for the purpose either of sheltering communication with outworks, or of affording a flank fire to the ditch in which it stands.

BLANCH WILMOT is in love with a young man who does not care for her, and under these distressing circumstances seeks our advice. We give it. Forget him, Blanch, and the sooner the better. A girl should be sought, not seek.

DINAH.—Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding; that civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality. Men who flatter women do not know them sufficiently, and those who only abuse them do not comprehend them at all.

CAROLINE LAMMORIE.—Your mistress cannot legally marry again during the lifetime of her husband. The fact, however, of his long desertion of his wife, might help her to obtain a divorce; she should consult a respectable solicitor.

RED DOUGLASS.—*Tere aique rotundus*, means one who is conscious of his own rectitude, sensible of the regularity and evenness of his disposition and desires, and who, like a polished globe, rolls on, without deviation in his even course, keeps the noiseless tenour of his way.

EDWARD.—The words and music of the Marseillaise Hymn are ascribed to Rouget de Lill, a French engineer officer, who composed it at the request of Marshal Luckner, in 1791, to cheer the conscripts at Strasbourg; it derived its name from some troops from Marseilles marching into Paris to the tune in 1792.

HUGH.—Cistercians were an order of monks founded by Robert, a Benedictine, Abbot of Cîteaux, hence called the Order of Cîteaux, in France, near the end of the eleventh century; for a time it governed almost all Europe. The monks observed silence, abstained from flesh, lay on straw, and wore neither shoes nor shirts.

VINCENY.—A patent-right is a privilege granted by the Crown to the original inventor of any new contrivance, that he shall have the exclusive right of making articles according to it. In order to be within the meaning of the statute, the invention must be new, not used before, either by the inventor or others. The manufacture must also be vendible and useful.

M. GREY.—The glory or nimbus drawn by painters round the heads of saints, angels, and holy men, and the circle of rays on images, were adopted from the Caesars and their flatterers, by whom they were used in the first century. The doxology of the prayer *Gloria Patri*, was ordained in the Church of Rome, and was called doxology because it began with *dora, gloria*.

J. R.—1. The hair becoming gray in early life is generally an indication of nervous debility, therefore the best way to arrest it, is to strengthen the nervous system; cut the ends of the hair once a fortnight and brush it at least three times a day, for a quarter of an hour each time, with a hard penetrating brush; by this means the growth of gray hair may

be prevented. 2. To remove superfluous hair, take about 2 oz. of the best quicklime, put it into a saucer, and pour on it some boiling water till it hisses and falls into powder; then add enough water to make it into a paste, spread this thickly over the hair to be removed, and let it remain till unbearable, then take an ivory or bone paper-knife, and imitate the process of shaving; finally, wash the part, and apply a little cold cream, to allay any irritation of the skin. 3. To keep the skin of the head clean, a little hair powder or bran rubbed into the hair in the morning before the brush is used will be found serviceable.

PHILIP.—Omnibuses began to run in Paris in 1828. The idea of such conveyances is ascribed to Pascal about 1672, when similar carriages were started, but soon discontinued. They were introduced by an enterprising coach proprietor named Shillibeer, and first licensed at Somerset House in 1829. The first omnibus started from Faddington to the Bank of England on July 4th in that year.

ANTIDILUVIAN.—1. Take one part of sarsaparilla; add sixteen parts of water; boil until reduced to ten parts, then pour off the clear portion, and add to the residue six parts of water; boil down to four parts, again pour off the clear portion, and evaporate in a steam heat; some sassafras and liquorice root will greatly improve it. 2. Your handwriting is admirably suited for the position you name.

AGATHA.—The Championship of England was instituted at the coronation of Richard II. in 1377. At the coronation of English kings, the champion rode completely armed into Westminster Hall, and challenged any one who should deny the title of the sovereign to the crown. The Championship is attached to the Manor of Scitelay, derived from the family of Marmion, and is hereditary in the Dymoke family.

ALLEN.—The sweet, or China orange, was first brought into Europe from China by the Portuguese, in 1547, and it is asserted that the identical tree, whence all the European orange-trees of this sort were produced, is still preserved at Lisbon, in the gardens of one of its nobility. They were first brought to England and planted in 1695, at Beddington Park, near Croydon, Surrey. The duty on imported oranges was repealed in 1860.

## TO FUTURE YEARS.

To future years what shall my love portray?  
Marble will crumble, brass will rust away.  
Alas! while now I write old deliver Time,  
With ruthless hand, doth spoil her beauty's prime.  
Strikes at her eyes, her lips, her cheek, her hand,  
O'er every feature spreads his robber hand,  
Making her body's heaven-refined clay  
The habitation of unseen decay.  
By joy he works, by sorrow, fear, and pain,  
Turns all emotions to his utter gain.  
Her rose steals he, her virgin lilies rare;  
Here plants his crow-foot, there a silver hair.  
And soon her free and undulating gait  
To younger fair must yield its royal state.  
How vain then 'tis on stone or brass to trace  
For everlasting years her figure's grace!  
Yet stay! one spot must keep her beauty whole,  
Her first love-kiss did stamp it on my soul!

H. J. B.

CARLOTTA.—The Friendly Isles, in the Southern Pacific, consist of a group of more than 150 islands, forming an archipelago of very considerable extent; these islands were discovered by Tasman, in 1642; and visited by Wallis, who called them Kappel Isles, 1767; and by Captain Cook, who gave them their present name on account of the friendly disposition of the natives, in 1773, although subsequent voyagers describe them as being capable of the utmost ferocity.

F. C. R.—To pickle lemons, choose small ones with thick rinds, rub them with flannel, then slit them half down in four quarters, but not through, fill the slits with salt, put them upright in a pan till the salt melts, turn them thrice a day in their own liquor, till tender; make enough pickle to cover them, of vinegar, the brine of the lemons, Jamaica pepper, and ginger; boil, skim, and when cold, put it to the lemons, with 2 oz. of mustard-seed, and two cloves of garlic to six lemons.

WILLIAM G.—Hampton Court Palace was built by Cardinal Wolsey, on the site of the manor-house of the Knights-Hospitallers in 1535. He presented it to Henry VIII, the most splendid offering ever made by a subject to a sovereign. In this palace Edward VI. was born; Mary, Elizabeth, Charles, and others of our sovereigns, resided. In this palace was held the conference between the Presbyterians and the Clergy of the Established Church, which led to a new translation of the Bible.

CAROLINE LINDSAY.—Can you not make some reasonable arrangement with your neighbour, the clergyman? He has certainly no right to prevent your performance on the piano, providing he cannot prove it to be a nuisance. With regard to "night nuisances," the law distinctly states as follows: "Every person who blows a horn or creates an unusual noise and disturbance in the night-time, in the neighbourhood of a dwelling-house, so as to disturb the repose of the inmates, is guilty of a nuisance, and will be responsible in damages, unless he can show some justification for making the noise."

JANE.—Hatchments are escutcheons bearing the arms of a deceased person, enclosed within a black frame in the form of a lozenge, and attached to the front of the house. In place of the motto, a short sentence of a religious character is generally used. The social position of the deceased is thus indicated; for a husband the dexter side is represented sable, and the sinister white; for a wife, by the reverse order of these tinctures; for a widow, widower, unmarried lady, or bachelor, the background, or surface upon which the escutcheon is represented, is sable.

B. R.—The best hair dye is thus prepared: 2 oz. of calcined magnesia, the same of quicklime slaked, and 8 oz. of powdered litharge. Having quailed the lime with as little water as possible, to cause it to disintegrate, mix the whole of the ingredients well together, and they will be ready for use in the following manner: mix the powder with sufficient water to form a thick creamy fluid, with the aid of a small brush, completely cover the hair to be dyed with this mixture; to dye it light brown, allow it to remain upon the hair four hours; dark brown, eight hours; black, twelve hours; as the dye does not act unless it is moist, it is necessary to keep it so by wearing a waterproof cap. When the dye has

taken effect, the hair must be washed with warm water. When dry, the hair must be dressed with a little good oil or pomatum.

AN INQUIRER.—The circulation of the blood through the lungs was first made public by Michael Servetus, a Spanish physician, in 1553. Cassalpian published an account of the general circulation, of which he had some confused ideas, improved afterwards by experiments in 1559. Paul of Venice, commonly called Father Paolo, whose real name was Peter Sarpi, discovered the valves which serve for the circulation, but the honour of its positive discovery belongs to our countryman, Harvey, by whom it was fully confirmed between 1619 and 1628.

A NEW BROODER.—1. You do not require a license to carry a gun. 2. You cannot kill game on a Sunday without rendering yourself liable to a penalty of £1. 3. The prices of game certificates are as follows: If taken out after the 5th April and before the 1st November, to expire on the 5th April in the following year, 3s.; if to expire on the 31st October in the same year in which taken out, 2s.; if taken out on or after the 1st November, to expire on the 5th April following, 2s. 4. A man cannot kill game on his own lands without a certificate, nor with a certificate can he kill game on another person's lands without the owner's permission.

ANNIE LAURA SMITH, seventeen, 5 ft., dark hair, blue eyes, loving and affectionate, with a little money when of age.

ANNE BOLEY, twenty, tall, good looking, and a proficient on the harp. Respondent must be dark, and well educated.

SPEE, twenty-seven, a seaman, well connected, and fairly educated, fond of home, music, and children. Respondent must be about twenty-three; a governess preferred.

EUGENE ARAM, twenty, medium height, dark hair, blue eyes, and a good workman. Respondent must be about nineteen, good tempered, and thoroughly domesticated.

FANST NOTKOS, twenty, a farmer's daughter, fair, and will have 2500. when of age. Respondent must be tall; a farmer preferred, from twenty-five to thirty years of age.

KATE F., eighteen, tall, dark, good looking, a good figure, and of a lively disposition. Respondent must be tall, dark, fond of home, and about twenty; a widower not objected to.

PAULINA MAGG, eighteen, tall, dark eyes and hair, handsome, and affectionate. Respondent must be tall, dark, and good looking, with an income of 1000.

HOMELY HENRY, twenty-six, 5 ft 6 in., dark hair and eyes, and about 600. at his command. Respondent must be rather dark, fond of home, and domesticated, and have a little money.

ALICE K., twenty, medium height, dark hair, blue eyes, handsome, a good figure, and a lively disposition. Respondent must be tall, dark, of steady and sober habits, and fond of children.

REBECCA, seventeen, medium height, fair, brown eyes and hair, respectable, affectionate, and will have a small fortune. Respondent must be respectable, fond of home, and possessed of a small fortune.

MADGE and POLLY.—"Madge," nineteen, fair, good hair, and blue eyes. "Polly," nineteen, medium height, a brunette, dark brown hair and eyes. Respondents must be tall, dark, and not above twenty-three; tradesmen preferred.

HERBERT DE LANCY (Birmingham), twenty-one, 5 ft 2 in., and dark. Respondent must be about eighteen; the daughter of a respectable tradesman preferred, living in or near Birmingham.

ELIZA and ANNIE.—"Eliza," twenty-one, tall, dark hair, brown eyes, and pretty. "Annie," twenty-one, fair, and very pretty. Respondents must be tradesmen about their own age.

MONTOMERY, twenty-eight, 5 ft 5 in., fair, light hair, good tempered, sociable, in a manufacturing business in London, and with an income of about 7000. Respondent must be about twenty-two, 5 ft 3 in., fair, good disposition, musical, and pretty.

JENNY and HETTY.—"Jenny," eighteen, medium height, dark brown hair and eyes, good figure, and slender. "Hetty," eighteen, rather tall, dark brown hair, gray eyes, and a good figure; both in receipt of a small income. Respondents must be in good situations, and not over thirty.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

EDWARD S. is responded to by—"Flora," seventeen, 5 ft 3 in., an orphan, slight figure, dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair, pretty, accomplished, well educated, in receipt of 800. per annum, and will have 5000. when of age.

MAITRACK by—"Constance," 5 ft 4 in., dark and pretty, ladylike, amiable, domesticated, fond of home, and has a small income.

H. W. K. by—"Bella M. W.," eighteen, medium height, dark, cheerful, industrious, and is in receipt of a moderate income.

ROSEBUD by—"J. C."

VIOLET by—"J. Hamilton."

ANNIE by—"Brunell."

E. W. by—"Jeannet," eighteen, tall, fair, and respectable. Edgar by—"Susan," twenty-four, medium height, dark, and very fond of children; and—"H. F.," 5 ft 5 in., sunburn hair, brown eyes, and a loving disposition.

E. C. M. by—"O. N. P.," 5 ft 1 in., brown hair, and gray eyes, very ladylike, fond of business and home, and has a little money—"Liddy," medium height—"Marian," is only, and a good housekeeper—"Fanny S. H.," twenty-two, 5 ft 7 in., fair, cheerful, domesticated, and very fond of home; and—"Maud," twenty-six, medium height, domesticated, and fond of home.

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